

Adair County News

VOLUME XXIV

COLUMBIA, KENTUCKY, WEDNESDAY FEB. 9, 1921.

NUMBER 16

Dr. and Mrs. O. P. Miller Entertain.

On Friday evening Feb. 4th, Dr. and Mrs. O. P. Miller entertained at their home, on Burkesville St. The house was artistically decorated in pink and white cornations and the color scheme was carried out in the individual ices and cakes. Five hundred was played. The following were present: Mr. and Mrs. Fred Hill, Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Reed, Mr. and Mrs. Eros Barger, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Cravens, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Albia Eubank, Dr. and Mrs. Flowers, Miss Susan Miller as listed in the hospitalities.

Delightful Entertainment.

Miss Eva Walker entertained a number of friends at the home of her parents on Greensburg street, last Friday evening. The guests were entertained with rook and music and delightful refreshments were served during the evening. Miss Mary Winfrey assisted in the hospitalities. The other guests were: Misses Flossie Shively, Mary Graves McMahan, Katie Taylor, Mary Frances Stevens, and Messrs. Frank Hughes, Frank Callison, Gobel Clayton, Noel Pickett, Edwin Hutchison.

Mrs. Eros Barger Entertains.

On Friday evening Mr. and Mrs. Eros Barger gave a card party at their attractive home on Bomar Heights. A lovely lunch was served. The following were present: Dr. and Mrs. O. P. Miller, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Hill, Dr. and Mrs. C. M. Russell, Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Reed, Mr. and Mrs. Irwin Fraser, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Cravens.

Six O'Clock Dinner.

Mrs. Allen Walker gave a beautiful six o'clock dinner at her home on Greensburg St., Thursday, Feb. 3rd. The following were present: Messdames Geo. Stults, Gordon Montgomery, J. O. Russell, C. M. Russell, Willie Hines, Mont Cravens, Misses Mary Lucy Lowe, Susan Miller, Sallie Fields and Mollie Caldwell.

Birthday Dinner.

Mrs. Annie E. Walker celebrated her birthday Feb. 3, by entertaining a number of her friends at dinner. Those present were: Messdames W. T. McFarland, Mary Caldwell, Nanette Flowers, Alice Vance and Mr. John W. Flowers. Mrs. Walker received many nice presents.

Dinner.

Mrs. C. M. Russell entertained a number of friends at a lovely dinner on Wednesday, Feb. 2nd. The following were present: Mrs. W. A. Coffey, Mrs. A. D. Patterson, Mrs. Geo. Staples, Mrs. Willie Hines, Mrs. J. O. Russell, Mrs. Fred Hill and Miss Minnie Triplett.

Columbia Taxi Line

Ford Cars to and from Campbells-ville Daily. Rates \$1.50 each way. Phone No. 62-E or 12, or see R. L. Wethington, Columbia, Ky. 12-1f

A correspondent writes us from Camp Grant, Ill., stating that two soldiers, Adair county boys, Joseph Wilson, who lives at Roley, and J. L. McElroy, whose home is near Ozark, got into trouble and Wilson stabbed McElroy. He did not say whether or not the wound was serious.

I want to buy either a cherry or walnut old fashioned post bedstead. It must be in good condition.

Mrs. Daisy Hamlett,
Columbia, Ky.

Sam Burdette sold fifteen mules Saturday of last week in Burkesville. They brought from \$100 to \$200 per head.

An interesting basket ball game was played here last Friday night. The Russell's Creek Baptist Academy five came over from Campbellsville and met the Lindsey-Wilson five in the latter's gym. Lindsey was ahead at the close of the first half, but the visitors gained in the latter half, and when the contest closed the score stood 38 to 31 in favor of the visiting team. The contest was fast and smooth from the beginning until it closed.

Mr. J. N. Coffey requests us to state that he has no place on his possessions for a \$1.50 horse. Neither has he time to feed an animal of such value. The horse he bought is not only a saddler, but a runner, and that no racer ever put his nose under the string sooner. As to the price, he does not care to give the exact figures, as the Commissioner will be around soon, but he is willing to state that it was up in the hundreds.

The Farmers Union held a meeting at the court house last Monday afternoon, and it was largely attended. The meeting was in the interest of growing tobacco. It was resolved that no burley tobacco is to be grown in Adair county during the year 1921, and the farmers to hold their present crop. A man was appointed in each precinct in the county, whose duty it will be to secure pledges in keeping with the resolutions.

Born, to the wife of T. O. Patterson, at the home of Mrs. Patterson's parents, Horse Cave, Feb. 2, 1921, a fine daughter. The father holds a position in Detroit, Mich., and the news comes from Horse Cave that Mrs. Patterson and the little one are doing fine. The little girl was christened Catherine Louise.

Mr. J. T. Goodman writes his family, from Joplin, Mo., that his health is improving every day and that he is busy all the time. He is traveling in several of the Western States, and he feels like his health will be permanently restored. His many Adair county friends will be glad to read this information.

Circuit court will open at Jamestown Monday week, the third Monday. If the weather should be a fair representative of the News will be upon the square the first day. Patrons of the paper living over the county, and who may have business with the publication, are requested to see him.

Mrs. P. P. Dunbar, who lives on Bomar Heights, met with a very serious accident a few days ago. She was opening a can of fruit and the can slipped almost severing one of her fingers. Dr. Russell was called and dressed the wound.

Intestinal worms destroy the health of children and weaken their vitality. The worms should be expelled before serious damage is done. White's Cream Vermifuge is a thoroughly successful remedy. Price, 35c. Sold by Paul Drug Co. Adv.

Sam Burdette left here last Thursday morning for Willow Grove, Tenn., with twenty-five head of good mules. They were sold the following Saturday. He will also sell twenty head at Albany on Saturday Feb. 12th.

County court brought quite a number of farmers to Columbia last Monday. Business was fairly good during the day. Some stock was sold, and merchants and grocers were well patronized.

Lost, two day books in Gradyville or between Gradyville and Columbia. I will reward the finder. Return to this office or

G. M. Stevenson.

Thieves entered a store at Esto, Russell county, last Saturday night week and quite a lot of goods were taken. No clue.

This office is now taking orders for engraved work. Call and examine samples. Prices, right.

GONE TO HER REWARD.

Mrs. Mary Dudley Baker at a Ripe Old Age, Succumbs to the Inevitable and Peacefully Meets Her God.

LONG A RESPECTED RESIDENT OF COLUMBIA.

Last Tuesday afternoon about the hour of 2 o'clock, the spirit of the subject of this writing went to God who gave it.

It was not generally known over the community that Mrs. Baker was seriously ill. For the last several years she had been stricken at times and her friends and daughter, Miss Sue Baker, believed up to the Sunday before the end came that she would recover. She at no time appeared to be very strong, but she evidently had wonderful vitality, looking after her household affairs until she passed her seventy-ninth birthday.

She was a daughter of William M. and Mary Ann Gatewood Spencer, and was born and reared in Greensburg. After the death of her mother she lived several years in Lebanon her father having removed to that city. From this place she was sent to college and when she completed her education her father removed here and in Columbia the major portion of her life was spent. She was a woman of the highest character and was intellectually strong, a most entertaining conversationalist. She was a woman who read much, and was not only versed in the history of her own country, but she kept up with the historical events abroad.

Some years after her father came to Columbia to live she was married to W. E. Baker, who was a prominent citizen of this place, and to this union one child was born, Miss Sue, mentioned above, who holds a trusted position in the Bank of Columbia.

When you take into consideration that the daughter is left alone, you conclude that this death is one of the saddest, in point of association, that has been brought before the residents of Columbia for many years. The mother and daughter were perfectly devoted, and it is indeed heartrending to the daughter that she will never again see the living form of her dear mother. Yet she should be consoled, for the teachings of the good Book tell her that after awhile there will be another meeting. It should also be consoling to the daughter to know that this entire community feels for her, and in it she will never lack for friends.

Mrs. Bettie Atkins, who was a sister of the deceased, is the last living member of this Spencer family.

The deceased was a devoted member of the Baptist Church, and was ready for her Master's call.

The funeral services were conducted at the home Wednesday afternoon at 3 o'clock, by Rev. Leslie J. B. Smith, pastor of the Baptist Church, assisted by Rev. R. V. Bennett, pastor of the Methodist Church, and Eld. Z. T. Williams, pastor of the Christian Church.

The interment was in the city cemetery, the floral offerings being many and beautiful.

A writer has said there is no death for the righteous that quit this low land of sorrow. It is only a change from this sinful world to the celestial city of God, where there is no separation, no heart aches, but where happiness reigns supreme forever and forever.

Phelps Bros. bought, from different parties, last week, thirty hogs. They paid from \$8.25 to \$9.00 per hundred. They, with others, will be shipped to Louisville this week.

This office is supplied with a full line of type writing paper, first and seconds. If you need any, call while it lasts.

For fresh Home made candy, go to the bakery. 14-4t

OIL NEWS.

[BY E. T. KEMPER.]

After an unlooked for interference with drilling operations, caused by the breaking of the wire line, which was too light to stand the strain incidental to deeper drilling, the Columbia Development Company is again running on full time. They have encountered a good showing of oil at a depth of 750 feet, and indications continue very encouraging for a good strike. A new and heavy wire line has just been received and installed, and development work is now expected to proceed as fast as possible without any more interruptions.

Mr. Frank J. Schermer, field representative of the Armstrong Drilling Manufacturing Company, Waterloo, Iowa, is spending several days in this section assisting their local representative, Mr. O. C. Fink, in looking after their fast increasing trade in this territory. The Armstrong rigs are proving to be well adapted to this section, and purchasers are more than pleased with results of their work.

Mr. J. B. Doolittle, the well-known operator now making headquarters here, has gone to Worcester, New York, his home, to spend a few days with his family and in looking after business interests at that end of the line. He will keep in close touch with drilling operations here, and as soon as a well is ready to be completed he will return here without delay.

Mr. Thos. A. Sheridan, the largest operator in this section, has been spending a few days on an important business trip to northern Kentucky and southern Ohio.

Mr. O. C. Fink, who has just returned home from a flying trip to one of the large southern cities, reports that he has completed arrangements with certain capitalists, their names being withheld for the present, whereby development operations will be inaugurated in this section without delay. These people have holdings in the counties of Adair, Russell, Cumberland, and Clinton counties, and they are leaving the matter of location for drilling to the judgment and in the hands of Mr. Fink, and he will push development work to the limit.

The Beacon Oil Syndicate, Chicago, managed by Dr. J. W. Goggin, one of the liveliest wires connected with the development of this territory, have just had the good fortune to make another fine strike on the Campbell Bros. farm, Creelsboro, their well No. 3, which came in flowing, having been completed at a depth of 250 feet. This is the third good well for these people on the Campbell farm, and they will continue drilling operations on the lease.

Another deep cut in the price of crude oil during the past week came as a great surprise to not only the operators in this immediate section, but all over the country as well, and some of the "weak-kneed" or pessimistic ones are predicting dire calamities to follow such action, but if they will stop to consider carefully from every angle the true condition of affairs they can readily see there is no need for alarm. In the first place, it should be borne in mind that "Every wheel that turns pays its tribute to oil," and the demand for crude oil and oil products is increasing by leaps and bounds, while production is lagging. Is there any doubt in any thinking mind that the oil production of this country is keeping pace even with our domestic demands when we consider that in 1920 approximately 100,000,000 barrels of oil were imported? The answer seems plain. It is true that Somerset fine or light grade, the grade produced in this immediate territory, was selling for \$4.25 per barrel not many weeks since, while at present it is quoted at only \$3.00 per barrel, but there is a reason, and to my mind a good one, for such action on the part of the buyers and refiners. It is simply in line with the trend in the lowering of prices in labor, supplies and commodities of every description,

thereby enabling the operators to produce crude at a much lower price than formerly, and when the smoke of the general readjustment battle, now being waged, has cleared away I am inclined to the opinion that we will find that the oil situation is much better than reports would indicate, and that there has been no cause for alarm.

The Southern Oil & Refining Company, Denver, Colo., Dr. Frank D. Hines, president; Mr. George L. Wood, Secretary; Dr. George W. Stiffler, treasurer; with their head office in suite 19 to 26, 1609 Broadway, in the midst of Denver's busiest districts, are now spending large sums of money in development work in this territory, and they are meeting with great success in their undertaking. Their activities at present are confined to the Russ Gilbert farm, near Bakerton, Cumberland county, where they have completed four fine wells, and are drilling on No. 5. They have also completed a pipe line from the wells to Cumberland river where they are installing a 250 barrel steel tank to receive the oil for loading on barges, and they expect to be able to begin shipping the "liquid gold" by the middle of this month. They are also equipping a large barge with three 100 barrels each steel tanks, by which means they will transport their output to Burnside, Ky., there to be transferred to tank cars on the Southern Railway. Dr. Hines, who, accompanied by Mrs. Hines, is spending some time in Columbia, states that he is simply delighted with their prospects in this territory, that the company will push development work to the limit, and they expect to secure a record production from their holdings now being developed. He also states that in view of the fact that such a high grade of oil is found in Kentucky, particularly in this section, that he and his associates are more than pleased to spend their money in operating in this territory.

First National Bank.

At the regular meeting of the stockholders and directors of the First National Bank of Columbia held on the 11th day of January, 1921, E. H. Hughes was elected cashier and Bruce Montgomery, assistant. At another meeting held by the Board of Directors on the 28th of January, by mutual arrangement of the Board of Directors and Mr. Hughes, Hughes resigned as cashier and Bruce Montgomery was elected cashier. Mr. Hughes was elected vice president and remains with the bank and retains all his interest in it, and its business, and success, and his friends will find him ready at all times when they desire to transact their business with him. This arrangement has been made so that Mr. Hughes may be free to get out at times and see after outside business for the bank.

The business of the Bank has increased to such an extent that the Bank wishes to relieve Mr. Hughes of so much detail work inside the Bank, and have the opportunity to get out and see after outside work when desirable.

WANTED.—Home in or close to Columbia. Will pay cash, what have you to offer confidential. Address C. C., this office.

Mr. Bradley Powell and Miss Hettie Garner were married at the home of Eld. F. J. Barger last Saturday evening about 8 o'clock.

Wanted, 100 bushels of corn delivered at Columbia at market price.

H. C. Bardin.

Fairplay, Ky.

Born, to the wife of A. B. Corbin, Jan. 30th, a nine pound daughter—Julia May.

For Sale.

A few choice thoroughbred Duroc Jersey Gilts, 4 months old. They are the big, growthy kind and are of the best blood of the breed.

Phone 116 A, Foree Hood, Columbia, Ky. 16-2t

Russell County Death Notices.

Mrs. Baugh, who was the mother of Eld. Arthur Baugh, died last week in Tennessee. Her remains were brought to her old home, Rowena, and interred Sunday. She was 83 years of age, and was an aunt of Mr. W. T. McFarland of this place, and was highly respected.

Mrs. Mary Lester, who was the widow of Milton Lester, died at Kendall last Thursday. She was close to 90 years old. For many years her husband was a general merchant at Kendall and was prominent.

Miss Eleanor Ortella Whitlock, a charming daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Whitlock, of Campbellsville, was married last week to Mr. Arthur Findling, formerly of Chicago, Ill., but now of Louisville, in which city the ceremony was performed. The father of the bride is well-known in Columbia.

Mr. J. H. Stone, of Jamestown, who is well-known here, has quit the practice of law and has entered the ministry. He was licensed at the last Quarterly Meeting, of the M. E. Church, held in his town, to exhort. In due time he expects to join the Louisville Conference. This information was contained in Jamestown items, published in Russell Springs Advance.

Miss Sallie B. Newby sold the property now occupied by Mullinix, near the Fair, to C. H. Campbell of Creelsboro, for \$2100. Mr. Campbell will remove to Columbia the first of April. Mr. Mullinix will build on his farm on the other side of the creek.

My thoroughbred Jersey bull is now ready for service. Fee, \$1.50 at the gate. I will not break this rule.

Jo Barbee,
Columbia, Ky.

Mr. R. T. Baker, Amandaville, came to Columbia Monday, and bought a male Aberdeen Angus calf from Sam Burdette for \$100.

Home grown clover seed for sale. \$15.00 per bushel.

W. I. Fesse,
Cane Valley, Ky. 14-4t

Dr. O. P. Miller removed a tumor from Tom Bailey's neck a few days ago. The patient has about recovered.

Fair Warning.

Some good advice to Farmers. Now is the time to sell your Good Tobacco, unless you wish to take less or hold it for an indefinite time. In a short time the upper counties will have their crop marketed, the manufacturer will probably be off the market, and you will be left entirely without order men.

Dark tobacco sold over our floors Monday, Jan. 31st, general average \$7.92; Burley, \$9.78.

Farmers Tobacco Warehouse Co.,
Campbellsville, Ky.

The date for the beginning of a meeting at the Christian church will be given in the issue of the News.

Mrs. Mont Conover sold during the year 1920, eggs butter, chickens and turkeys, realizing for same \$501.

Mills and Light Plant for Sale.

The Mill in Columbia and the one on Russell's creek, run by G. B. Smith, and the Columbia Light Plant are for sale. The owners are ready to give some man or men a bargain. They will sell a one-third or one half interest in the two mills or they will sell both plants to one man. They are in good running condition, both doing a splendid business.

The Light plant will be sold to one man or a company. The owners are ready to talk business. For further particulars see

G. B. Smith, at the
Columbia Mill.
8-tf

The VALLEY OF THE GIANTS

BY
PETER B. KYNE
AUTHOR OF "CAPPY RICKS"
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SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—Pioneer in the California redwood region, John Cardigan, at forty-seven, is the leading citizen of Sequoia, owner of mills, ships, and many acres of timber, a widower after three years of married life, and father of two-day-old Bryce Cardigan.

CHAPTER II.—At fourteen Bryce makes the acquaintance of Shirley Sumner, a visitor to Sequoia, and his junior by a few years. Together they visit the Valley of the Giants, sacred to John Cardigan and his son as the burial place of Bryce's mother, and part with mutual regret.

CHAPTER III.—While Bryce is at college John Cardigan meets with heavy business losses and for the first time views the future with uncertainty.

CHAPTER IV.—After graduation from college, and a trip abroad, Bryce Cardigan comes home. On the train he meets Shirley Sumner, on her way to Sequoia to make her home there with her uncle, Col. Pennington. Bryce learns that his father's eyesight has failed and that Col. Pennington is seeking to take advantage of the old man's business misfortunes.

CHAPTER V.

Along the well-remembered streets of Sequoia Bryce Cardigan and his father walked arm in arm, their progress continuously interrupted by well-meant but impulsive Sequoians who insisted upon halting the pair to shake hands with Bryce and bid him welcome home. In the presence of those third parties the old man quickly conquered the agitation he had felt at this long-deferred meeting with his son, and when presently they left the business section of the town and turned into a less-frequented street, his emotion assumed the character of a quiet joy, evidenced in a more erect bearing and a firmer tread, as if he strove, despite his seventy-six years, not to appear incongruous as he walked beside his splendid son.

I wish I could see you more clearly," he said presently. His voice as well as his words expressed profound regret, but there was no hint of despair or heart-break now.

Bryce, who up to this moment had refrained from discussing his father's misfortunes, drew the old man a little closer to his side.

"What's wrong with your eyes, pal?" he queried. He did not often address his parent, after the fashion of most sons, as "Father," "Dad," or "Pop." They were closer to each other than that, and a rare sense of perfect comradeship found expression, on Bryce's part, in such salutations as "pal," "partner" and, infrequently, "old sport."

"Cataracts, son," his father answered. "Merely the penalty of old age." "But can't something be done about it?" demanded Bryce. "Can't they be cured somehow or other?"

"Certainly they can. But I shall have to wait until they are completely matured and I have become completely blind; then a specialist will perform an operation on my eyes, and in all probability my sight will be restored for a few years. However, I haven't given the matter a great deal of consideration. And I am about ready to quit now. I'd like to, in fact; I'm tired."

"Oh, but you can't quit until you've seen your redwoods again," Bryce reminded him. "I suppose it's been a long time since you've visited the Valley of the Giants; your long exile from the wood-goblins has made you a trifle gloomy, I'm afraid."

John Cardigan nodded. "I haven't seen them in a year and a half, Bryce. Last time I was up, I slipped between the logs on that old skid-road and like to broke my old fool neck."

"Pal, it wasn't fair of you to make me stay away so long. If I had only known—if I had remotely suspected—"

"You'd have spoiled everything—of course. Don't scold me, son. You're all I have now, and I couldn't bear to send for you until you'd had your fling." His trembling old hand crept over and closed upon his boy's hand, so firm but free from signs of toll.

"It was my pleasure, Bryce," he continued, "and you wouldn't deny me my choice of sport, would you? Remember, lad, I never had a boyhood; I never had a college education, and the only real travel I have ever had was when I worked my way around Cape Horn as a foremast hand, and all I saw then was water and hardships; all I've seen since is my little world here in Sequoia and in San Francisco."

"You've sacrificed enough—too much—for me, Dad."

"It pleased me to give you all the advantages I wanted and couldn't afford until I was too old and too busy to consider them. Besides, it was your mother's wish. And you have enjoyed your little run, haven't you?" he concluded wistfully.

"I have, Dad." Bryce's great hand closed over the back of his father's neck; he shook the old man with

mock ferocity. "Stubborn old lumber-jack!" he chided.

John Cardigan shook with an inward chuckle, for the loving abuse his boy had formed a habit of heaping on him never failed to thrill him. Instinctively Bryce had realized that tonight obvious sympathy copiously expressed was not the medicine for his father's bruised spirit; hence he elected to regard the latter's blindness as a mere temporary annoyance, something to be considered lightly, if at all; and it was typical of him now that the subject had been discussed briefly, to resolve never to refer to it again.

"Tomorrow morning I'm going to put a pair of overalls on you, arm you with a tin can and a swab, and set you to greasing the skidways. Partner, you've deceived me."

"Oh, nonsense. If I had whimpered, that would only have spoiled everything."

"Nevertheless, you were forced to cable me to hurry home."

"I summoned you the instant I realized I was going to need you."

"No, you didn't, John Cardigan. You summoned me because, for the first time in your life, you were panicky and let yourself get out of hand."

His father nodded slowly. "And you aren't over it yet?" Bryce continued, his voice no longer bantering but lowered affectionately. "What's the trouble, Dad? Trot out your old panic and let me inspect it. Trouble must be very real when it gets my father on the run."

"It is, Bryce, very real indeed. As I remarked before, I've lost your heritage for you." He sighed. "I waited till you would be able to come home and settle down to business; now you're home; and there isn't any business to settle down to."

Bryce chuckled, for he was indeed far from being worried over business matters, his consideration now being entirely for his father's peace of mind. "All right," he retorted, "Father has lost his money and we'll have to let the servants go and give up the old home. That part of it is settled; and weak, anemic, tenderly nurtured little Bryce Cardigan must put his turkey on his back and go into the woods looking for a job as a lumberjack. . . . Busted, eh? Did I or did I not hear the six o'clock whistle blow at the mill? Bet you a dollar I did."

"Oh, I have title to everything—yet."

"How I do have to dig for good news! Then it appears we still have a business; indeed, we may always have a business, for the very fact that it is going but not quite gone implies a doubt as to its ultimate departure, and perhaps we may yet scheme a way to retain it. If we can save enough out of the wreck to insure you your customary home comforts, I shan't cry, partner. I have a profession to fall back on. Yes, sirree. I own a sheep-skin, and it says I'm an electrical and civil engineer."

"What?"

"I said it. An electrical and civil engineer. Slipped one over on you at college, John Cardigan, when all the time you thought I was having a good time."

"Bu-bu-but—"

"It drives me wild to have a man sputter at me. I'm an electrical and civil engineer. I tell you, and my two years of travel have been spent studying the installation and construction of big plants abroad."

"My dear boy! And you've got your degree?"

"Partner, I have a string of letters after my name like the tail of a comet."

"You comfort me," the old man answered simply. "I have reproached myself with the thought that I reared you with the sole thought of making a lumberman out of you—and when I saw your lumber business slipping through my fingers—"

"You were sorry I didn't have a profession to fall back on, eh? Or were you fearful lest you had raised the usual rich man's son? If the latter, you did not compliment me, pal. I've never forgotten how hard you always strove to impress me with a sense of the exact weight of my responsibility as your successor."

"How big are you now?" his father queried suddenly.

"Well, sir," Bryce answered, for his father's pleasure putting aside his normal modesty, "I'm six feet two inches tall, and I weigh two hundred pounds in the pink of condition. I have a forty-eight-inch chest, with five and a half inches chest-expansion, and a reach as long as a gorilla's. My underpinning is good, too; I'm not one of these fellows with spidery legs and a barrel-chest. I can do a hundred yards in ten seconds; I'm no slouch of a swimmer; and at Princeton they

say I made football history."

"That is very encouraging, my boy—very. Ever do any boxing?"

"Quite a little. I'm fairly up in the manly art of self-defense."

The old man wagged his head approvingly, and they had reached the gate of the Cardigan home before he spoke again. "There's a big buck woods-boss up in Pennington's camp," he remarked irrelevantly. "He's a French Canadian imported from northern Michigan by Colonel Pennington. I dare say he's the only man in this country who measures up to you physically. He can fight with his fists and wrestle quite cleverly, I'm told. His name is Jules Rondeau, and he's top dog among the lumberjacks. They say he's the strongest man in the country." He unlatched the gate. "Folks used to say that about me once," he continued wistfully. "Ah, if I could have my eyes to see you meet Jules Rondeau!"

The front portal of the quaint old Cardigan residence opened, and a silver-haired lady came out on the porch and hailed Bryce. She was Mrs. Tully, John Cardigan's old housekeeper, and almost a mother to Bryce. "Oh, here's my boy!" she cried, and a moment later found herself encircled by Bryce's arms and saluted with a hearty kiss.

As he stepped into the familiar entrance-hall, Bryce paused, raised his head and sniffed suspiciously. Like a bird-dog, Mrs. Tully, arms akimbo, watched him pleasurably. "I smell something," he declared, and advanced a step down the hall for another sniff; then, in exact imitation of a foxhound, he gave tongue and started for the kitchen. Mrs. Tully, waddling after, found him "pointing" two hot black-berry pies which had a few minutes previously been taken from the oven. He was baying lugubriously.

"I'm still a pie-hound, Mrs. Tully, and you're still the same dear, thoughtful soul. How many did you make?"

"Two."

"May I have one all for myself, Mrs. Tully?"

"Indeed you may, my dear."

"Thank you, but I do not want it for myself. Mrs. Tully, will you please wrap one of those wonderful pies in a napkin and the instant George Sea Otter comes in with the car, tell him to take the pie over to Colonel Pennington's house and deliver it to Miss Sumner? There's a girl who doubtless thinks she has tasted pie in her day, and I want to prove to her that she hasn't." He selected a card from his card-case, sat down and wrote:

"Dear Miss Sumner:

"Here is a priceless hot wild-black-berry pie, especially manufactured in my honor. It is so good I wanted you to have some. In all your life you have never tasted anything like it."

"Sincerely,

"Bryce Cardigan."

Some twenty minutes later his unusual votive offering was delivered by George Sea Otter to Colonel Pennington's Swedish maid, who promptly brought it in to the Colonel and Shirley Sumner, who were even then at dinner in the Colonel's fine burled-wood-paneled dining room. Miss Sumner's amazement was so profound that for fully a minute she was mute, contenting herself with scrutinizing alternately the pie and the card that accompanied it. Presently she handed the card to her uncle, who affixed his pince-nez and read the epistle with deliberation.

"Isn't this young Cardigan a truly remarkable young man, Shirley?" he declared. "Why, I have never heard of anything like his astounding action. If he had sent you over an armful of American Beauty roses from his father's old-fashioned garden, I could understand it, but an infernal black-berry pie! Good heavens!"

"I told you he was different," she replied. To the Colonel's amazement



"I Told You He Was Different."

she did not appear at all amused. "Bryce Cardigan is a man with the heart and soul of a boy, and I think it was mighty sweet of him to share his pie with me. If he had sent roses, I should have suspected him of trying to 'rush' me, but the fact that he sent a black-berry pie proves that he's just a natural, simple, sane, original citizen—just the kind of person a girl can have for a dear friend without incurring the risk of having to marry him."

The Colonel noticed a calm little smile fringing her generous mouth.

He wished he could tell, by intuition, what she was thinking about—and what effect a hot wild-black-berry pie was ultimately to have upon the value of his minority holding in the Laguna Grande Lumber company.

Not until dinner was finished and father and son had repaired to the library for their coffee and cigars did Bryce Cardigan advert to the subject of his father's business affairs.

"Well, John Cardigan," he declared comfortably. "Suppose you start at the beginning and tell me everything right to the end." George Sea Otter informed him that you've been having trouble with this Johnny-come-lately, Colonel Pennington. Is he the man who has us where the hair is short?"

The old man nodded.

"The Squaw creek timber deal, eh?" Bryce suggested.

Again the old man nodded. "You wrote me all about that," Bryce continued. "You had him blocked whichever way he turned—so effectually blocked, in fact, that the only pleasure he has derived from his investment since is the knowledge that he owns two thousand acres of timber with the exclusive right to pay taxes on it, walk in it, look at it and admire it—in fact, do everything except log it, mill it, and realize on his investment. It must make him feel like a bally jackass."

"On the other hand," his father reminded him, "no matter what the Colonel's feeling on that score may be, misery loves company, and not until I had pulled out of the Squaw creek country and started logging in the San Hedrin watershed, did I realize that I had been considerable of a jackass myself."

"Yes," Bryce admitted, "there can be no doubt but that you cut off your nose to spite your face."

His thoughts harked back to that first season of logging in the San Hedrin, when the cloud-burst had caught the river filled with Cardigan logs and whirled them down to the bay, to crash through the log-boom at tidewater and continue out to the open sea.

The old man appeared to divine the trend of his son's thoughts. "Yes, Bryce, that was a disastrous year," he declared. "The mere loss of the logs was a severe blow, but in addition I had to pay out quite a little money to settle with my customers. I was loaded up with low-priced orders that year, although I didn't expect to make any money. The orders were merely to keep the men employed. You understand, Bryce! I had a good crew, the finest in the country; and if I had shut down, my men would have scattered and—well, you know how hard it is to get that kind of a crew together again. Besides, I had never failed my boys before, and I couldn't bear the thought of falling them then. Half the mills in the country were shut down at the time, and there was a lot of distress among the unemployed. I couldn't do it, Bryce."

Bryce nodded. "And when you lost the logs, you couldn't fill those low-priced orders. Then the market commenced to jump and advanced three dollars in three months—"

"Exactly, my son. And my customers began to crowd me to fill those old orders. I couldn't expect them to suffer with me; my failure to perform my contracts, while unavoidable, nevertheless would have caused them a serious loss, and when they were forced to buy elsewhere, I paid them the difference between the price they paid my competitors and the price at which they originally placed their orders with me. And the delay caused them further loss."

He smoked meditatively for a minute. "I've always been land-poor," he explained apologetically. "Whenever I had idle money, I put it into timber in the San Hedrin watershed, because I realized that some day the railroad would build in from the south, tap that timber and double its value. I've not as yet found reason to doubt the wisdom of my course; but"—he sighed—"the railroad is a long time coming!"

John Cardigan here spoke of a most important factor in the situation. The crying need of the country was a feeder to some transcontinental railroad. By reason of natural barriers, Humboldt county was not easily accessible to the outside world except from the sea, and even this avenue of ingress and egress would be closed for days at a stretch when the harbor bar was on a rampage. With the exception of a strip of level, fertile land, perhaps five miles wide and thirty miles long and contiguous to the seacoast, the heavily timbered mountains to the north, east, and south rendered the building of a railroad that would connect Humboldt county with the outside world a profoundly difficult and expensive task.

"Don't worry, Dad. It will come," Bryce assured his father. "It's bound to."

"Yes, but not in my day. And when it comes, a stranger may own your San Hedrin timber and reap the reward of my lifetime of labor."

Again a silence fell between them, broken presently by the old man. "That was a mistake—logging in the San Hedrin," he observed. "I had my lesson that first year, but I didn't heed it. If I had abandoned my camps there, pocketed my pride, paid Colonel Pennington two dollars for his Squaw creek timber, and rebuilt my old logging road, I would have been safe to-day. But I was stubborn; I'd played the game so long, you know—I didn't want to let that man Pennington outgame me. It's hard to teach an old dog new tricks, and besides, I was obsessed with the need

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For weeks, for months, it keeps as fresh and full of strength as the day it left the Calumet Factories, the World's Largest, most Sanitary and Modern Baking Powder plants.

It is important that you use only straight wheat flour (not self-rising flour) and pure baking powder if you wish to obtain the gluten demanded by sound health.

Calumet Gold Cake Recipe

Yolks of 8 eggs, 1 1/4 cups of granulated sugar, 3/4 cup of water, 1/2 cup of butter, 2 1/4 cups pastry flour, 3 level teaspoons Calumet Baking Powder, 1 tablespoon of vanilla. Then mix in the regular way.

OUR NEW STORE

619 South Fourth, Near Chestnut St
is easily accessible, right in the shopping district of Louisville, and we would be glad to see our many friends and patrons of Adair county at our new quarters.

The same integrity, painstaking service and rock bottom prices prevail here with greatly improved facilities, we can serve you better than never in your need, for

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LINOLEUM and CARPETS

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For More Than 40 Years on Market Street

One of the Best Stores of Louisville, Ky.

of protecting your heritage from attack in any direction."

John Cardigan straightened up in his chair and laid the tip of his right index finger in the center of the palm of his left hand. "Here was the situation, Bryce: The center of my palm represents Sequoia; the ends of my fingers represent the San Hedrin timber twenty miles south. Now, if the railroad built in from the south, you would win. But if it built in from Grant's Pass, Oregon, on the north from the base of my hand, the terminus of the line would be Sequoia, twenty miles from your timber in the San Hedrin watershed!"

Bryce nodded. "In which event," he replied, "we would be in much the same position with our San Hedrin timber as Colonel Pennington is with his Squaw creek timber. We would have the comforting knowledge that we owned it and paid taxes on it but couldn't do a dad-burned thing with it!"

"Right you are! The thing to do, then, as I viewed the situation, Bryce, was to acquire a body of timber north of Sequoia and be prepared for either eventuality. And this I did."

Silence again descended upon them; and Bryce, gazing into the open fireplace, recalled an event in that period of his father's activities: Old Bill Henderson had come up to their house to dinner one night, and quite suddenly, in the midst of his soup, the old fox had glared across at his host and bellowed:

"John, I hear you've bought six thousand acres up in Township nine. Going to log it or hold it for investment?"

"It was a good buy," Cardigan had replied enigmatically; "so I thought

The uppermost question at Washington is whether the Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate or Harding is his Secretary of State.

It will cost the State of Kentucky more than \$100,000 to have an extra session of the Legislature and we are unwilling to believe that Gov. Morrow will put that burden upon the taxpayer for a strictly partisan purpose.

Foreign dispatches tell us that the Germans are going to put a ban on America movies. Seem to us that they attempted something like that at Chateau-Thierry.

A Sing Sing convict received a human ear for a Christmas present. Not expecting it, he was just that much a head.

In Germany 5,000,000 people are trying to raise steamer fare to migrate to Brazil.

The Harding's have declined to attend the Charity Ball to be given in Washington the night of the inauguration.

CHINESE SELL BABIES FOR \$1

Terrible Suffering Reported From
the Famine District.

USE TREE LEAVES AS FOOD

Little Children Are Found Deserted
in the Streets and Many Have Been
Rescued From Rivers into Which
They Were Cast by Impoverished
Parents—Thousands Deaths From
Starvation Occur Daily in Peking
District.

The area and extent of the famine
situation in China recently has been
brought out in a number of reports
reaching Peking. The region chiefly
affected extends east and west from
the Gulf of Chihli to Han-ching, in
Shensi, and north and south from Mon-
golia to Shang-ching, in Honan.

Forty-two years ago China was
swept by a memorable famine, in
which millions of persons perished
from cold and hunger. In 1878, how-
ever, conditions were less serious than
at present, for at that time a wheat
crop preceded the drought, whereas to-
day, due to two years' lack of rainfall,
only limited areas have produced even
the scantiest yields.

The reports have told how the trees
of entire districts have been stripped
of their leaves for use as food. The
starving people mix them with millet
chaff, clover or weeds, with a minimum
of grain, and bake them into cakes
which resemble clay. Thousands of
refugees who are endeavoring to
migrate afoot from the famine areas
are said to be living on such "food,"
hoping to reach the more fortunate
cities and towns, where they may pos-
sibly purchase necessities of life.

Children Deserted.

Extraordinary means to obtain
money for food are reported from all
sections of the five provinces. Little
children are found deserted in the
streets and many have been rescued
from the rivers into which they have
been cast by their impoverished par-
ents.

The sale of children is often re-
ported; much despised girl babies be-
ing offered for sums as low as a dol-
lar each. A boy of five years, whose
mother had died and whose father
was ill, was rescued from the father
who declared that if no one would feed
him he intended to "throw him into the
river." There have been suicides
of entire families.

Reports from numerous points in the
famine area, which it is estimated will
require \$200,000,000 worth of the plain-
est food to avert the greatest loss of
life, have been received as follows:
One thousand deaths from starvation
are occurring daily in the Peking dis-
trict; farm and draft animals in
Tehchow in Szechuan, and in Shantung,
have been sold by their owners for a
song because of lack of fodder to keep
them and fuel to cook them if slaugh-
tered; every road northward from
Changteh, in Honan, swarms with
hunger-pinched humanity, many of
whom fall exhausted out of the weary
procession to die by the roadside; the
district southwest of Paoingfu, de-
nuded of vegetation, looks as though
it had been swept by a plague of loc-
usts; at a village near Wu Ch'eng, an
old man with a basket on his arm
containing about six pounds of red
millet explained that he had traded
two overcoats and a pair of boots for
the millet, which he was taking to his
wife and their seven children.

Relief Work.

Efforts that so far have been made
to relieve the famine situation include
the following:

The Chinese ministries of finance,
agriculture and the interior, have ap-
pointed a commission to dispense a
\$1,000,000 fund to be raised by a short
term loan; Shanghai reports that an-
other fund of \$1,800,000 is being raised
by seven provinces at the request of
Tang Shao-yi, the chief southern
peace delegate; the Japanese govern-
ment has supplied 500,000 bushels of
rice. In addition, representatives of
American and British commercial in-
terests in Shanghai raised \$5,000,000
for the Chinese Relief association.

The Peking-Hankow railway is al-
lowing refugees to travel free on
trains for South Honan and Hu-pe, and
these have been crowded with little
children or old persons unable to trek
over the mountain roads to points
where food is obtainable.

FIND WRIGGLING EEL MINE

Steam Shovel Lifts Them Out by Hun-
dreds From Wharf Site at
Plymouth, Mass.

Plymouth, Mass.—Digging out eels
in hundreds of pounds with a steam
shovel is a novelty introduced here.

The steam shovel used by the con-
tractor for the removal of Pilgrim
wharf in the changes being made along
the waterfront where the Plymouth
Rock reservation is being made did
the trick. Digging is being made with
a grab bucket near low water mark
at the outer end of the pier.

The bucket arose once with a full
cargo, nearly a cubic yard, of squirm-
ing eels, some of which weighed four
pounds apiece. Fishermen say the
eels had bedded in the mud beneath
the wharf for the winter, and this
accounted for the eel mine.

Join the "Invis- ible" Guest Club

Have you a hospitable home? Do you entertain your friends? What does it cost you for an evening's entertainment? Will you entertain an "Invisible" Guest at your table and become a member of the "Invisible" Guest Club of America? It will cost you only Ten Dollars.

There are 3,500,000 undernourished, debilitated waifs and orphaned children in Eastern and Central Europe, whose lives must be preserved by American generosity and hospitality.

A Certificate of Membership in the "Invisible" Guest Club of America will be sent to you, signed by Herbert Hoover and Franklin K. Lane, National Chairman and Treasurer; also signed by the State Chairman of Kentucky.

If you will send your check for Ten Dollars, or more, to the European Relief Council, Richard Bean, Treasurer, Board of Trade Building, Louisville, Kentucky, or deposit this amount to his credit in any bank in Kentucky, you will receive an "Invisible" Guest Certificate by return mail.

Will you not join this "Invisible" Guest Club today?

All Depends.

"Can you support my daughter in the style she's been accustomed to?" asked the father of the young man who sought his daughter in marriage. "Well," replied the young man thoughtfully, "is she strong for a \$500 baby grand piano or a \$5 talking machine?"

A Good Wish.

Candidate-Election day is also my birthday.

Friend—Good! I hope you will have many happy returns.

BIG STOCK OF CLOTHING

I am now ready to supply young men, old men and boys with clothing. I have an immense stock and receiving new supplies daily. I can interest you in prices. If you need any thing in this line, call at once.

SHOES! SHOES!!

My stock of fine shoes for men and boys was selected with care. I bought them right, and they are being sold at the shortest profit.

I can also accommodate ladies and young girls with the latest styles in shoes.

BUCCIES AND WAGONS.

I have a large supply of the very best makes and I am selling them at living prices. Riding and walking plows, all kinds at LIBERAL DISCOUNT for CASH.

It matters not what you need on the farm, I can please you in the article and price.

WOODSON LEWIS

GREENSBURG, - - - - - KENTUCKY.

HUNT TREASURE SHIP

Another Search Started for
Sunken Spanish Galleon.

Florida Adventurers Dig Ocean's Bot-
tom for Pirate Ship and Stolen
Doubloons.

Miami, Fla.—Another search for
treasure-trove—a sunken Spanish gal-
leon laden with stolen doubloons—has
begun on the Atlantic coast of Flor-
ida, between Deerfield and Boca
Ratone.

Romance has lured this time a
group of adventurous men of Deer-
field and thereabouts to dig in the
ocean's bottom for the buccaneers' pi-
rate ship, which tradition says had
hailed too close to the treacherous
shores when pursued. A syndicate
formed for the search has begun op-
erations where the galleon is supposed
to have sunk in the sands.

This is only one of the many such
adventures off the south Florida coast,
which in the old days, before the ad-
vent of lighthouses, was the scene of
many wrecks. Treasure seekers have
brought in a few ancient hulls which
had been deeply buried in sand, some
dating back five or six centuries. But
so far no ship thus recovered has
yielded anything except ancient wood.
One prospector is said to have spent
two fortunes near Stuart before quit-
ting the romantic game.

Fulford, 11 miles north of Miami,
has been the scene of many searches.
Tradition has it that a pirate ship es-
caped pursuers by sailing up a creek
near Fulford where the crew celebra-
ted by getting drunk.

Seminole Indians boarded the vessel
and massacred the crew, except one,
the story runs, and the escaped pirate
succeeded in rescuing the ship's treas-
ure chest filled with gold which he
buried near by, making a diagram of
the spot. Unable to return, the pirate
is said to have given the diagram to
a friend.

This has been used by several

searching parties, equipped with every
kind of a gold finder, but they failed
to locate the treasure.

A native, living near by, says the
spot is haunted and that even now
the ghosts of the pirates howl and
groan when one nears it.

He says no one is ever going to get
the treasure as the ghosts "carry on
something terrible when you get close
to it, and there is no telling what they
would do if they got their hands on
it. Anything might happen in that
terrible place."

20 CENTS DAY HAITIAN WAGE

But Many of the Natives Live in
Houses Built of Mahogany
at That.

Port au Prince.—There is no high
labor market in Haiti.

The man working by the day gets
one gourde, which is 20 cents, and
sometimes a gourde and a half. Cooks
are to be had without advertising.
Most of them earn \$1.50 a week, and
in addition get 6 cents a day on which
to feed themselves and their flock.
You do not have to include carefare in
the weekly wage down here.

At some points in the interior wages
for cooks are even lower. Many of
them live in mahogany houses, at
that.

Haiti's population is estimated
around 2,500,000. Ninety-seven per
cent of these people are classed as
illiterate, which may account for the
size of the pay envelope.

Misses the Old Rail.

Louisville, Ky.—The old brass rail
which for years had stood at the Am-
schoff hotel bar was recently removed,
but John Keating, seeking a soft drink,
didn't know it. He reached for it,
slipped, fell, and broke his leg.

Public Baths for Dogs in Germany.

Berlin.—Public baths for dogs are a
feature of the municipal arrangements
at Hamburg, Germany. There are
heated cages for drying the dogs after
bathing. Many dogs call unattended at
regular hours every week, scratch at
the door, and have their bath.

Columbia Barber Shop

MORAN & LOWE

A Sanitary Shop, where both Satisfaction and
Gratification are Guaranteed.

Give us a Trial and be Convinced.

A. F. SCOTT

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GARFORD TRUCKS

1½, 2, 3½, AND 5 TON

For Low Cost per Ton, Mile

SEE

A. F. SCOTT,

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Used 40 Years

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Special attention given Disease

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Columbia, Ky.

Adair County News

Published on Wednesdays.

At Columbia, Kentucky.

J. E. MURRELL, Editor
MRS. DAISY HAMLETT, ManagerDemocratic newspaper devoted to the interest
the City of Columbia and the people of Adair
and adjoining counties.Entered at the Columbia Post-office as second
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WEDN. FEB. 9, 1921.

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1.50 per year.
All Zones beyond 2nd \$2.00 per year.
A Subscription due and Payable in Advance

Announcements.

For Sheriff.

We are authorized to announce that W. B. Patteson is a candidate for Sheriff of Adair county, subject to the action of the Republican party, expressed at the August primary.

For County Judge.

We are authorized to announce Geo. T. Herriford a candidate for Judge of the Adair County Court, subject to the action of the Republican primary to be held the first Saturday in August.

We are authorized to announce that Walter S. Sinclair is a candidate for re-election to the office of County Judge of Adair county, subject to the action of the Republican primary to be held the first Saturday in August.

For Sheriff.

After talking with many friends, I have decided to become a Candidate for Sheriff of Adair County, subject to the action of the Republican party at the primary election to be held on August 6th, 1921. If elected I promise faithful service in the performance of my duties. I shall feel deeply grateful to all who may see proper to give me their support and influence.

Very Truly Yours,
George Coffey.

FOR COUNTY COURT CLERK.

We are authorized to announce Mr. Bingham Moore a candidate for County Court Clerk of Adair County, subject to the action of the Republican party, as expressed at the primary, first Saturday in August.

FOR COMMONWEALTH'S ATTORNEY

We are authorized to announce that A. A. Huddleston, of Cumberland County, is a candidate for re-election to the office of Commonwealth's Attorney in this the 29th Judicial district, subject to the action of the Republican primary to be held the first Saturday in August, 1921.

FOR JAILER.

We are authorized to announce Frank Woolford Miller, of the Eunice precinct, a candidate for Jailer of Adair county, subject to the action of the Republican primary, to be held in August.

FOR CIRCUIT COURT CLERK

We are authorized to announce M. C. Winfrey a candidate for re-election to the office of Circuit Court Clerk of Adair county, subject to the action of the Republican primary to be held the first Saturday in August, 1921.

Former Senator R. B. Trigg, of Glasgow, has located in Louisville, and has opened an insurance office.

A resolution authorizing President Wilson to invite the nations of the world to send delegates to a conference to provide for disarmament, has been reported favorably by the House Foreign Affairs Committee. Representative Brooks, of Illinois, who is a Republican, introduced the resolution.

The Republican candidates for county offices are coming to the front. There are many others yet to announce. The real canvass will not start for some weeks, but the ones who are making public announcements of their candidacy saves their friends from committing themselves.

Judge Charles A. Hardin, Chairman of the Democratic State Central Committee, has mailed all county Chairman a letter urging that they immediately call a conference of Democratic leaders and select candidates for the Legislature to be voted for in November. He urges that only the best men be selected.

James Mitchell, of near Hazard, must have been warm in the collar. The railroad is near his home; he went out laid down and went to sleep on the track. His wife went out looking for him, and just as a train was coming up she discovered him, went to his rescue, but lost an arm in pulling him from the track.

Will the Democrats of Adair county put out candidates for the various local offices is a question? There are some enthusiastic party men who want a full ticket. There are others who think it best for the party to not have more than two candidates. The matter will be discussed later in conference and a conclusion reached.

The Elizabethtown News and the Hardin County Mirror have consolidated. A company was formed and the Mirror taken over. It was edited by Mr. Keene Johnson. In the deal Mr. H. A. Summers, who ranks as one of the best newspaper men in the State, will remain as editor of the News. This deal gives The News a wide field, and local advertisers will not have to support two papers. The deal to us, looks good for everybody concerned.

The following is said to be a correct list of the gentlemen who will make up President elect Harding's cabinet, and that their names will go to the Senate: Secretary of State, Charles E. Hughes; Secretary of War, John W. Weeks; Secretary of Navy, Frank O. Lowden, Illinois; Secretary of Treasury, A. W. Mellon, Pennsylvania; Secretary of Interior, Albert Fall; Secretary of Labor, James J. Davis, Indiana; Secretary of Agriculture, Henry Wallace, Iowa; Secretary of Commerce, Charles B. Warren, Michigan; Attorney General, Harry Daugherty; Post Master General, Will H. Hays, Indiana. It is said that it is not likely that there will be any change in this list.

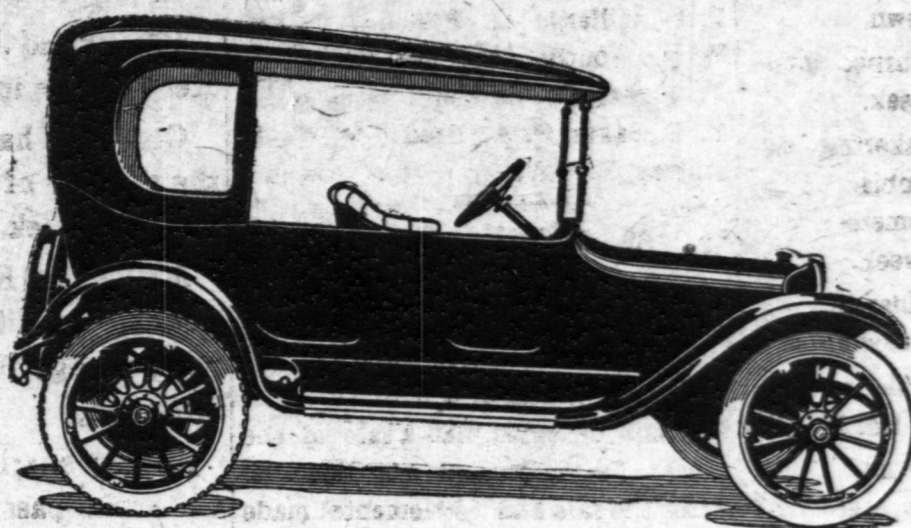
We have been a silent listener upon several occasions recently when the prohibition question was being discussed. The question uppermost was "Do the present temperance laws prohibit the sale and manufacture of ardent spirits?" We would answer the question, they do and they do not. Men who are determined to get liquor, it matters not the price, succeed in finding it. There are men who will make it, it matters not how drastic the law, and there are men who will buy it regardless of the

price. Ten and fifteen dollars a quart will stop a few men, but there are more who will pay the price than there are who refuse to pay it. There are evidences that liquor is peddled in this town, but the men who sell it are individuals who are not known to the purchaser, neither does he know their names. How can you catch a man who changes his facial appearance at his will, and is deaf and dumb, so to speak? What Billie. Wooten said in the court-house, some years ago, while the condition of his mind was being investigated, is applicable. He said "that a pinnywinkle is a pinnywinkle and you can not make anything else out of it."

This week we announce for the office of Jailer of Adair County, Mr. Frank Woolford Miller, who is a candidate subject to the action of the Republican primary, to be held the first Saturday in August. Mr. Miller is one of the best known men in Adair County. He was deputy sheriff, some years ago under R. A. Blair, and later was elected high sheriff and served in that capacity for four years. These two positions gave him an opportunity to become acquainted throughout the county, and when he went out of office he had the satisfaction of knowing that he had performed his duty to the letter, and that he had the best wishes of the entire population of the county, the Republicans and Democrats, whom he served. In becoming a candidate for Jailer he feels that he could fill the office, should he be elected, to the satisfaction of all concerned. Mr. Miller lives in the Eunice precinct, and he has the unanimous endorsement of his home people. He is known to be an upright gentleman, one who will do the right thing upon all occasions. He submits his candidacy upon his record, and trusts that that it will be favorably considered. A little later Mr. Miller will visit the Republican voters of the county and will personally present his claims.

Under the proper heading it will be seen that Mr. M. C. Winfrey is a candidate for re-election to the office of Circuit Court Clerk of Adair county, subject to the action of the Republican party as expressed at the August primary. It has been the custom of political parties from time immemorial to endorse a candidate for the second term if he has been faithful to the trust imposed in him. There is not a doubt but Mr. Winfrey has made a very efficient clerk, the present Circuit Judge, J. C. Carter, regarding him as one of the best in his district. The writer has heard the above expression from said Circuit Judge. Mr. Winfrey is very accurate in keeping up the orders of Circuit courts, and he reads them so distinctly that every person in the courtroom can hear him. In his office he is exceedingly polite, and those who are called upon to visit it, know that they will be treated in a most courteous manner. Mr. Winfrey is strictly a party man, and has been an active worker in the councils of his party since he reached his majority. He believes, and his supporters believe that he is entitled to endorsement without opposition in his own party. It is some

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First Class Garage and Car Line

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COLUMBIA AND CAMPBELLVILLE

CARS DAILY

Leaves Columbia, : : 4 a. m. and 10 a. m.
Leaves Campbellville, : : 12 m. and 8 p. m.

Special Attention To The Traveling Public.

We Take Care Of All Baggage.

We do first-class Garage Work. Guaranteeing all our work to give entire satisfaction. If your Car needs repairing, bring it in while we have ample time to give it our best attention. Come early to avoid the Spring Rush.

We give you service Anywhere, Night or Day. If your Car goes bad on you ANYWHERE, ANY TIME, NIGHT OR DAY, Call 96 A., and we will be RIGHT OUT ON THE JOB and give you FIRST-CLASS SERVICE and charge you REASONABLE.

We also handle the best tire made—THE RED TOP FISK. We have given this Tire a thorough test on all kinds of roads, and have found none to be its equal, and we highly recommend it, and guarantee a 5,000 mile adjustment basis. If you are going to need any Tires or Tubes, give us an opportunity to show you before you purchase. Call 96 A. or 96 B.

PROPRIETORS

Clell Tarter
Bradley Tarter

Stanley Epperson
Henry Morgan.

time before the August primary, and between now and the first Saturday in August, Mr. Winfrey will make it a point to converse with those of his party throughout the county.

Dirigo.

Mr. Ova Campbell is very sick at this writing with the typhoid fever.

Mr. Ernest Stotts is very sick at this writing. The Dr. says it is spinal meningitis.

Messrs. Ores and John Royce of Illinois are home for a short visit.

Mr. Allen Wooten has been on the sick list for the last few days.

Mr. J. E. Claywell made a business trip to Columbia one day last week.

Mr. Arthur Stotts is visiting relatives at this place.

Mr. Will Bennet has gone into the blacksmith trade. We wish him success.

J. G. Stotts bought from Joe Taylor one grey mare, consideration \$100.

Mr. J. D. Dixon sold to Evan Gabbart one milk cow for \$50.

Mr. Allen Wooten bought of A. J. Coomer some 2 foot boards at 75c per hundred.

Mr. A. D. Stotts has been on the sick list for the last few days.

Mr. Hadis Harvey bought of J. G. Stotts two young mules consideration unknown.

Mr. Melvin Petty made a business trip to Louisville last week.

Pellyton

We are having an excellent School at this place taught by Mr. R. H. Hudson.

Mr. D. K. Pelly, who has been sick is improving slowly.

The Sunday School at this place is progressing nicely with Mrs. Nannie Harrison as superintendent.

Mr. Jessie Sapp sold the Joe Rich farm to a Mr. Taylor of West Virginia for \$1000.

The heavy sleet did much damage to the telephone lines in this vicinity.

James Buchanan, of Campbellsville, was with our merchants last week.

Liquid Borozone is an efficient healing remedy for human or animal flesh. It mends a severe wound, sore, cut or scratch, in the shortest possible time. Price, 30c, 60c, and \$1.20. Sold by Pauli Drug Co. Adv.

Ella.

As I haven't seen a letter from this part for a few weeks, will write a few lines.

People in this neighborhood have been very busy for the past week.

F. W. McQueary has been very sick for several days.

M. H. McQueary has completed his new store house and has a full line of groceries. He is having a fine trade.

We wish the News a very prosperous year.

Adair County News \$1.50

HENRY W. DEPP,

DENTIST

Am permanently located in
Columbia.

All Classes of Dental Work Done.
Crowning and Inlay Work a
Specialty.

All Work Guaranteed
Office—next door to post office.

In Argentina 1,000 ranch workmen are burning crops and killing inhabitants.

In an attack of acute rheumatism in which there is much pain Ballard's Snow Liniment is a necessary part of the treatment. It is a powerful pain relief. Three sizes, 30c, 60c, and \$1.20 per bottle. Sold by Pauli Drug Co. Adv.

Crime decreased 57 per cent in Louisville during the first year of national prohibition.

The great seal of the State of West Virginia was recovered from the ruins of the capital fire when the vault in the Secretary of State was opened.

It is easy to get rid of the misery of heartburn or indigestion. Herbine goes right to the spot. It drives out the badly digested food and makes you feel fine. Price, 60c. Sold by Pauli Drug Co. Adv.

Scientists tell us that infants up to a few months of age have no sense of taste. And the older they get the less they have—some of them.

PERSONAL

Miss Mary Miller is visiting in Louisville.

Mrs. S. P. Miller visited friends in Campbellsville last week.

Dr. H. W. Depp spent last week professionally in Jamestown.

Miss Essie Phelps returned home from Jeffersonville last week.

Mr. Marvin Cole, of Bakerton, was visiting relatives in Columbia.

Mr. B. Whitis, of Somerset, was here several days of last week.

Mr. John F. Platt, Louisville, was in this community a few days since.

Mr. W. H. Wilson and his son, Jo, Campbellsville, were here last Friday.

Messrs. O. P. Harmon and J. T. Sharp, Horse Shoe Bottom, were here recently.

Mr. Oscar Fair, Liberty, who travels out of Louisville, was here a few days ago.

Mr. H. Rosenfelder, Louisville, made a business trip to this place last Thursday.

Mr. John W. Bates, Middleburg, Ky., made a business trip to Columbia recently.

Mr. John Q. Alexander made his regular calls upon Columbia merchants last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Irwin Fraser left last Saturday for Louisville. They will be absent some time.

Mr. Byron Montgomery spent last Saturday and Sunday and with his wife and daughter here.

Mr. E. T. Frost and Mr. Charles Manning, Louisville, were in Columbia the latter part of last week.

Catherine, a little daughter of Dr. and Mrs. J. N. Murrell, is a victim of pneumonia, and has been quite sick.

Mr. W. P. Summers, Glendale, has been visiting his daughter here for several days, and meeting old friends.

Mr. Frank Sweet and wife, and Mr. H. Maynard and wife, all of Bowling Green, were in Columbia a few days ago.

Sarah, the little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ores Barger, was quite sick with bronchitis last week. Better now.

Rev. Leslie J. B. Smith, Mrs. Mary Phillips and Mrs. Geo. H. Nell were in Campbellsville last Tuesday, attending a Bible Institute.

Mrs. Homer McKinley, Campbellsville, was here last Tuesday, enroute to visit her parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Herriford, Russell Springs.

Mr. O. C. Fink, who is putting down a well on R. F. Rowe's farm, and is down several hundred feet, was on a business trip to Birmingham, Ala.

Miss Thetis Williams, who teaches at Hickman, Ky., was called home last week, on account of the serious illness of her mother, Mrs. Helena Williams. Her brothers, who live in the West, came in a few days later.

The Sick.

Judge W. S. Sinclair has been confined to his room for several days.

Mr. A. D. Patteson improves very slowly.

Mr. J. M. Russell's condition about the same as reported last week.

Mr. T. E. Jeffries expects to be up this week.

Mrs. Helena Williams is yet a very sick patient.

Mrs. E. E. Cheatham was dangerously ill the latter part of last week but is better at this writing.

Fannie, the little daughter of Dr. and Mrs. R. Y. Hindman, is said to be some better.

A little son of Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Cheatham, who has been very sick, is better.

A little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Tom Phelps was quite sick last week.

Paid List.

The following are new paid subscribers and renewals since our issue of last Tuesday.

Golden Bardo, Gus H. Hudley, G. B. Kimbler, Mrs. Mary Caldwell, Joe Z. Conover, J. L. Hutchison, J. A. Turner, Louisa Piercy, E. T. McCaffrey, J. E. Bailey, Sel Bennett, James Suddarth, Jesse Stearns, B.

F. Chawning, Mrs. John F. White, H. N. Phillips, Edna Smith, Mrs. Annie E. Walker, W. G. McKinley, Thomas Roach, C. W. Sutton, W. E. McCandless, Ben Jeffries, Mrs. W. H. Edsall, F. C. Lewis, Mrs. W. P. Blakeman, John Chapman, Julia A. Powell, A. C. Pulliam, R. S. Thomas, J. G. Bault, F. W. Miller, J. H. Breeding, T. W. Wheat, Southern Oil Refining Co., L. V. Turner, J. I. Smith, L. W. Sparks, R. T. Baker, G. A. Bradshaw, L. P. Murray, R. T. Farris, W. W. Owens.

An Attempted Hold Up.

Last week Mr. Richard Keeton, who lives at Creelsboro, and who is the administrator of the estate of U. S. Grant, deceased, had a sale of the effects of said decedent at Glenville. After the sale and settlements made he left for his home. On the ridge beyond Crocus three men, one of them riding a white horse attempted to hold him up, evidently for the purpose of getting the money on his person. He escaped them and returned either to Crocus or to Glenville and phoned his brothers at Creelsboro. They started at once and were soon with Mr. Keeton. The trip back to Creelsboro was made without further molestation. Mr. Keeton did not recognize either of the would be robbers.

The Bible Right Despite What Science Says to the Contrary

Many who don't believe Genesis look on Moses as a mossback. On the contrary the unbelievers are the mossbacks. In his "Tut with Talmage," Ingersoll threw out the following challenge: "If it shall turn out that Moses knew more about Geology than Humboldt—then I will admit that Infidelity must become speechless forever." It has turned out that Moses knew more than the critical savant. To the query "How did life begin?" the Bible answers "By Creation." Some talk about "Abiogenesis" and line things out in this order; protoplasm, seaooze, mud, monkey, Man. Jesus Christ, greater than all men, whether skeptics, infidels, agnostics, or Scientists; infinitely superior to Angel or Archangel, Devil or Demon and Himself on Absolute Equality with God, put His seal of Approval on Genesis. We are studying this Book at the Baptist Church every Wednesday night. Come and welcome.

Leslie J. B. Smith, Pastor.

CONDEMN HIGH PRICED STOCK FOOD

Prominent Hog Raiser Says Prices Charged are Unwarranted—Makes His Own Hog Food. With Better Results

"That he is all through paying fancy prices for stock foods and hog remedies and that he is raising some of the best hogs ever placed on the market was the statement made recently by E. E. Beckstead, well-known hog raiser and authority on live stock.

Mr. Beckstead's hogs are the envy of his neighbor, and have "topped the market" for several years in Iowa. He states that for years he bought high-priced hog foods and hog remedies, but he is all through paying extravagant prices for what he can make himself. He states that what the hogs need are minerals, and tells the secret of his wonderful success by explaining that he takes about five pounds of ordinary mineraline (which is pure concentrated minerals and cost only a couple of dollars) and mixes same with enough bran or filler to make a hundred pounds. All hogs, and especially brood sows require mineraline as they keep them free from worms, and in the pink of condition, and are essential to the hogs growth and a well balanced ration. This inexpensive mixture placed in a sheltered box where the hogs can get at it as they need it, will produce far better results than any high priced so-called stock foods.

Send two dollars to The Mineraline Chemical Co., 1638 North Wells St., Chicago, Ill., and they will forward you by prepaid parcel post, enough mineraline to make a full hundred pounds.

Gradyville

Miss Maude Wilmore, student of the L. W. T. S., of Columbia, and Miss Eleanor Grissom spent last Sunday in our city with their relatives.

Robert and J. W. Pickett, of Kemp, were in town Friday.

Our mails have been late on the account of bad roads, for the past week.

Mrs. Claud Keltner is in a very critical condition. If there is not a change she cannot last but a few days.

Deputy sheriff Geo. Coffey, of Columbia, passed through here one day the first of the week, enroute for Keltner.

O. B. Esters spent a day or so in Edmonton the first of the week, looking after some of his unfinished business.

Strong Hill is having one of his saw mills moved into the community of Pickett, this week preparatory for sawing railroad ties.

There were several hogs slaughtered in this community the first of the week.

Mrs. Millie Hill is receiving her millinery goods, preparatory for her spring trade.

Mr. Hash, of Edmonton, in company with R. E. Kinnaid, of Nell, spent a day or so in this community, last week, securing oil leases.

Mrs. J. D. Walker, in company with Ray Flowers, of Columbia, passed through here the first of the week, enroute for Nell and Edmonton, where Mrs. Walker will spend a few days visiting her relatives, while Mr. Flowers is looking after some of his unfinished business at Edmonton.

James Buchanan, the popular groceryman of Campbellsville, was calling on his trade here one day the first of the week.

Judge N. H. Moss, who has been confined to his room for several days, is improving at this time.

Cordie Wilson and Phrates Harper and wife left here, the first of the week for Springfield, Ill., with a view of making it their future home.

Marian Smith bought of W. M. Wilmore, one two year old mule one day last week for \$155.

W. L. Grady is having his fine young horse handled. There is no doubt, but this is one of the finest horses in Kentucky. No fault can be found of this individual in any respect.

Rev. J. W. Rayburn was called to Russell Springs, to preach the funeral of old Brother Vaughan, one day last week.

R. L. Caldwell, one of Milltown section's best farmers was in our community a few days ago, buying hogs for the spring market.

Mr. N. P. Smith, who has been confined to his room for the past month, with a carbuncle on the back of his neck, is improving at this time, and it is hoped by his many friends that he will be out in a few days again.

The few days of warm weather this week, got our farmers busy in the way of sowing grass seed and plowing and clearing ground right at this particular time. They do not know exactly what to do in regard to burning and sowing plant beds, preparatory for another crop of tobacco.

From what we can gather from their conversation on the subject we believe they all will be for cutting out the 1921 crop. If it would have tendency to advance the price on their 1919 and 1920 crops that they have on hands. There have not been scarcely any tobacco sold in this part of the county up to the present of the last year's production and quite a lot of the 1919 crop unsold.

At an annual meeting of the stockholders of the Gradyville State Bank that met in their office Feb. 1st, and elected J. R. Tutt, W. R. Bradshaw, W. S. Pickett, N. H. and C. O. Moss directors for the ensuing year, and said directors elected J. A. Wheeler, President and W. M. Wilmore, Vice President. The report of the cashier of the business of the Bank for the past year were very gratifying for which they all thank the public for the very liberal share of their patronage they have given the institution and a continuance of the same.

Knifley.

The health of the community is very good at the present time.

Misses Nellie Gose, Audra Chelf, Reddie Tucker and Fannie Bryant, of this place, who are attending school at Campbellsville, were at home from last Friday till Monday.

Mr. Alvin Hovious had the misfortune to get caught under a falling tree and is in a serious condition at this writing.

Miss Hallie Stayton, who is staying at Campbellsville, visited her sister Mrs. Lee Chapell of Roley last Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Homer Roberts, of Campbellsville, visited the latter's mother and father, Mr. and Mrs. G. R. Feese last Saturday and Sunday.

Services at the Knifley school house every 4th Sunday night of every month. Everybody invited to come.

On the 22 of January the friends and relatives of A. Hovious gathered at his home and set a table with everything good to eat in honor of his birthday. There were over sixty present and all enjoyed the day.

Born to the wife of Cleveland Holcombe a son, James William.

Born to the wife of Thad Sanders a son.

Born to the wife of John Ayers, a 12 pound son.

Born to the wife of Willie Goodin a daughter.

WANTED

Fox or Coon Hounds and Bird Dogs, that can stand the test afield. Describe what you have, first letter.

O. S. Evans, Somerset, Ky.

Res. Phone 13-B. Business Phone 12-A

Dr. J. N. Murrell

—DENTIST—

Office, Front Rooms Jeffries Bldg.

UP STAIRS.

COLUMBIA, KY

GIVE US THAT NEXT JOB. OUR WORK IS UP-TO-DATE

LAND SALE.

I will on Monday, February 14, 1921, at 1 o'clock or thereabout, at the court house door, in Greensburg, Kentucky, offer for Sale at Public Auction, on a credit of six and twelve months, 120 acres of land, lying on Meadow Creek, in Green county, near the Taylor county line.

This land is known as the "Carlisle Old Home Place." For a more particular description, reference is made to the judgement of the Green Circuit Court, under which the sale will be made.

J. McV. SHREVE,

Master Commissioner Green Circuit Court.

J. H. Graham, Attorney for Plaintiffs, Greensburg, Ky.

Garnett & Van Winkle, Attorneys for Dfts. Louisville, Ky.

My Loss Your Gain

I will Close Out the Remainder of my High Top Shoes, Sweaters, Underwear and Blankets at LESS than COST.

I have a Complets Line of O'Bryan Overalls, Ball Band Rubbers and Boots.

Motion Pictures in my Hall Every Saturday night. Good Band Music.

L. M. Smith,

Cane Valley, Ky.

19c SALE



EVERYBODY IN Knifley, Kentucky,

And The Northern Part Of

ADAIR COUNTY is talking about this wonderful

19c SALE

We have taken advantage of many special offerings made by manufacturers and jobbers and are therefore able to offer one of the most remarkable selling events we have ever held.

This is your opportunity to purchase goods worth up to 50c at this low price.

BEGINS SATURDAY
FEBRUARY 8.
CONTINUES 10 DAYS

Continued from Page 2

"I'd better take it at the price. I suppose Bryce will log it some day."

"Then I wish Bryce wasn't such a boy, John. See, here, now, neighbor. I'll fess up. I took that money Pennington gave me for my Squaw creek timber and put it back into redwood in Township nine, slam-bang up against your holdings there. John, I'd build a mill on tidewater if you'd sell me a site, and I'd log my timber it—"

"I'll sell you a mill-site, Bill, and I won't stab you to the heart, either. Consider that settled."

"That's bully, John; but still, you only dispose of part of my troubles. There's twelve miles of logging-road to build to get my logs to the mill, and I haven't enough ready money to make the grade. Better throw in with me, John, and we'll build the road and operate it for our joint interest."

"I'll not throw in with you, Bill, at my time of life. I don't want to have the worry of building, maintaining, and operating twelve miles of private railroad. But I'll loan you—the money you need to build and equip the road. In return you are to shoulder all the grief and worry of the road and give me a ten-year contract at a dollar and a half per thousand feet, to haul my logs down to tidewater with your own. My minimum haul will be twenty-five million feet annually, and my maximum fifty million—"

"Sold!" cried Henderson. And it was even so.

Bryce came out of his reverie. "And now?" he queried of his father.

"I mortgaged the San Hedrin timber in the south to buy the timber in the north, my son; then after I commenced logging in my new holdings, came several long, lean years of famine, the market dragged in the doldrums, and Bill Henderson died, and his boys got discouraged, and—"

A sudden flash of inspiration illuminated Bryce Cardigan's brain. "And they sold out to Colonel Pennington," he cried.

"Exactly. The Colonel took over my contract with Henderson's company, along with the other assets, and it was incumbent upon him, as assignee, to fulfill the contract. For the past two years the market for redwood has been most gratifying, and if I could only have gotten a maximum supply of logs over Pennington's road, I'd have worked out of the hole, but—"

"He manages to hold you to a minimum annual haul of twenty-five million feet, eh?"

John Cardigan nodded. "He claims he's short of rolling-stock—that wrecks and fires have embarrassed the road. He can always find excuses for failing to spot in logging trucks for Cardigan's logs."

"What does Colonel Pennington want, pard?"

"He wants," said John Cardigan slowly, "my Valley of the Giants and a right of way through my land from the valley to a log-dump on deep water."

"And you refused him?"

"Naturally. You know my ideas on that big timber." His old head sank on his breast. "Folks call them Cardigan's redwoods now," he murmured. "Cardigan's redwoods—and Pennington would cut them! Oh, Bryce, the man hasn't a soul!"

"But I fail to see what the loss of Cardigan's redwoods has to do with the impending ruin of the Cardigan Redwood Lumber company," his son reminded him. "We have all the timber we want."

"My ten-year contract has but one more year to run, and recently I tried to get Pennington to renew it. He was very nice and sociable, but—he



"I'll Give That Man Pennington a Run for His Money."

named me a freight-rate for a renewal of the contract for five years, of three dollars per thousand feet. That rate is prohibitive and puts us out of business."

"Then," said Bryce calmly, "we'll shut the mill down when the log-hauling contract expires, hold our finger as an investment, and live the simple life until we can sell it or a transcontinental road builds into Humboldt county and enables us to start up the mill again."

John Cardigan shook his head. "I'm mortgaged to the last penny," he confessed, "and Pennington has been buying Cardigan Redwood Lumber com-

pany first-mortgage bonds until he is in control of the issue. He'll buy in the San Hedrin timber at the foreclosure sale, and in order to get it back and save something for you out of the wreckage, I'll have to make an unprofitable trade with him. I'll have to give him my timber adjoining his north of Sequoia, together with my Valley of the Giants, in return for the San Hedrin timber, to which he'll have a sheriff's deed. But the mill, all my old employees, with their numerous dependents—gone, with you left land-poor and without a dollar to pay your taxes. Smashed—like that!" And he drove his fist into the palm of his hand.

"Perhaps—but not without a fight," Bryce answered, although he knew their plight was well-nigh hopeless. "I'll give that man Pennington a run for his money, or I'll know the reason."

The telephone on the table beside him tinkled, and he took down the receiver and said "Hello!"

"Mercy!" came the sweet voice of Shirley Sumner over the wire. "Do you feel as savage as all that, Mr. Cardigan?"

For the second time in his life the thrill that was akin to pain came to Bryce Cardigan. He laughed. "If I had known you were calling, Miss Sumner," he said, "I shouldn't have growled so."

"Well, you're forgiven—for several reasons, but principally for sending me that delicious blackberry pie. Thank you so much."

"Glad you liked it, Miss Sumner. I dare to hope that I may have the privilege of seeing you soon again."

"Of course. One good pie deserves another. Some evening next week, when that dear old daddy of yours can spare his boy, you might be interested to see our burl-redwood-paneled dining room Uncle Seth is so proud of. Would Thursday night be convenient?"

"Perfectly. Thank you a thousand times."

She bade him good-night. As he turned from the telephone, his father looked up. "What are you going to do to-morrow, lad?" he queried.

"I have to do some thinking to-morrow," Bryce answered. "So I'm going up into Cardigan's redwoods to do it."

"The dogwoods and rhododendrons are blooming now," the old man murmured wistfully. Bryce knew what he was thinking of. "I'll attend to the flowers for Mother," he assured Cardigan and he added fiercely: "And I'll attend to the battle for Father. We may lose, but that man Pennington will know he's been in a fight before we finish."

He broke off abruptly, for he had just remembered that he was to dine at the Pennington house the following Thursday—and he was not the sort of man who smilingly breaks bread with his enemy.

All about Bryce were scenes of activity, of human endeavor, and to him in that moment came the thought: "My father brought all this to pass—and now the task of continuing it is mine! All those men who earn a living in Cardigan's mill and on Cardigan's dock—those sailors who sail the ships that carry Cardigan's lumber into the distant marts of men—are dependent upon me; and my father used to tell me not to fail them. Must my father have wrought all this in vain? And must I stand by and see all this go to satisfy the overwhelming ambition of a stranger?" His big hands clenched. "No!" he growled savagely. "Give me your last five annual statements, Mr. Sinclair, please."

The old servitor brought forth the documents in question. Bryce stuffed them into his pocket and left the office. Three quarters of an hour later he entered the little amphitheater. In the Valley of the Giants and paused with an expression of dismay. One of the giants had fallen and lay stretched



Bryce Stood Dumbly Gazing Upon the Sacrilege.

across the little clearing. In its descent it had demolished the little white stone over his mother's grave and had driven the fragments of the stone deep into the earth.

The fact that the tree was down, however, was secondary to the fact that neither wind nor lightning had brought it low, but rather the impious hand of man; for the great jagged stump showed all too plainly the marks of cross-cut saw and axe; a pile of chips four feet deep littered the ground.

For fully a minute Bryce stood dumbly gazing upon the sacrilege before his rage and horror found vent in words. "An enemy has done this thing," he cried aloud to the wood-goblins. "And over her grave!"

It was a burl tree. At the point where Bryce paused a malignant growth had developed on the trunk of the tree, for all the world like a tremendous wart. This was the burl, so prized for table-tops and panelling because of the fact that the twisted, wavy, helter-skelter grain lends to the wood an extraordinary beauty when polished. Bryce noted that the work of removing this excrescence had been accomplished very neatly. With a cross-cut saw the growth, perhaps ten feet in diameter, had been neatly sliced off much as a housewife cuts slices after slices from a loaf of bread. He guessed that these slices, practically circular in shape, had been rolled out of the woods to some conveyance waiting to receive them.

What Bryce could not understand, however, was the stupid brutality of the raiders in felling the tree merely for that section of burl. By permitting the tree to stand and merely building a staging up to the burl, the latter could have been removed without vital injury to the tree—whereas by destroying the tree the wretches had evidenced all too clearly to Bryce a wanton desire to add insult to injury.

"Poor old Dad!" he murmured. "I'm glad now he has been unable to get up here and see this. It would have broken his heart. I'll have this tree made into fence posts and the stump dynamited and removed this summer. After he is operated on and gets back his sight, he will come up here—and he must never know. Perhaps he will have forgotten how many trees stood in this circle."

He paused. Peeping out from under a chip among the litter at his feet was the moldy corner of a white envelope. In an instant Bryce had it in his hand. The envelope was dirty and weatherbeaten, but to a certain extent the redwood chips under which it had lain hidden had served to protect it, and the writing on the face was still legible. The envelope was empty and addressed to Jules Rondeau, care of the Laguna Grande Lumber company, Sequoia, California.

Bryce read and reread that address. "Rondeau!" he muttered. "Jules Rondeau! I've heard that name before—ah, yes! Dad spoke of him last night. He's Pennington's woods-boss, and—"

An enemy had done this thing—and in all the world John Cardigan had but one enemy—Colonel Seth Pennington. Had Pennington sent his woods-boss to do this dirty work out of sheer spite? Hardly. The section of burl was gone, and this argued that the question of spite had been purely a matter of secondary consideration. Evidently, Bryce reasoned, someone had desired that burl redwood greatly, and that someone had not been Jules Rondeau, since a woods-boss would not be likely to spend five minutes of his leisure time in consideration of the beauties of a burl table-top or panel. Hence, if Rondeau had superintended the task of felling the tree, it must have been at the behest of a superior; and since a woods-boss acknowledges no superior save the creator of the pay-roll, the recipient of that stolen burl must have been Colonel Pennington.

Suddenly he thrilled. If Jules Rondeau had stolen that burl to present it to Colonel Pennington, his employer, then the finished article must be in Pennington's home! And Bryce had been invited to that home for dinner the following Thursday by the Colonel's niece.

"I'll go, after all," he told himself. "I'll go—and I'll see what I shall see."

CHAPTER VI

When Shirley Sumner descended to the breakfast room on the morning following her arrival in Sequoia, the first glance at her uncle's stately countenance informed her that during the night something had occurred to irritate Colonel Seth Pennington and startle him out of his customary bland composure.

"Shirley," he began, "did I hear you calling young Cardigan on the telephone after dinner last night or did my ears deceive me?"

"Your ears are all right, Uncle Seth. I called Mr. Cardigan up to thank him for the pie he sent over, and incidentally to invite him over here to dinner on Thursday night."

"I thought I heard you asking somebody to dinner, and as you don't know a soul in Sequoia except young Cardigan, naturally I opined that he was to be the object of our hospitality."

"I dare say it's quite all right to have invited him, isn't it, Uncle Seth?"

"Certainly, certainly, my dear. Quite all right, but, er—ah, slightly inconvenient. I am expecting other company Thursday night—unfortunately, Brynton, the president of the Bank of Sequoia, is coming up to dine and discuss some business affairs with me afterward; so if you don't mind, my dear, suppose you call young Cardigan up and ask him to defer his visit until some later date."

"Certainly, uncle. What perfectly marvelous roses! How did you succeed in growing them, Uncle Seth?"

He smiled sourly. "I didn't raise them," he replied. "That half-breed Indian that drives John Cardigan's car brought them around about an hour ago, along with a card. There it is, beside your plate."

She blushed ever so slightly. "I suppose Bryce Cardigan is vindictive himself," she murmured as she withdrew the card from the envelope. As she had surmised, it was Bryce Cardigan's. Colonel Pennington was the proprietor of a similar surmise.

"Fast work, Shirley," he murmured banteringly. "I wonder what he'll send you for luncheon. Some dill pickles, probably."

She pretended to be very busy with the roses, and not to have heard him.

Shirley, left alone at the breakfast-table, picked idly at the preserved figs the owl's butler set before her. Vaguely she wondered at her uncle's apparent hostility to the Cardigans; she was as vaguely troubled in the knowledge that until she should succeed in eradicating this hostility, it must inevitably act as a bar to the further progress of her friendship with Bryce Cardigan. And she told herself she did not want to lose that friendship. She wasn't the least bit in love with him, albeit she realized he was rather lovable. And lastly he was a good, devoted son and was susceptible of development into a congenial and wholly acceptable comrade to a young lady absolutely lacking in other means of amusement.

She finished her breakfast in thoughtful silence; then she went to the telephone and called up Bryce. He recognized her voice instantly and called her name before she had opportunity to announce her identity.

"Thank you so much for the beautiful roses, Mr. Cardigan," she began.

"I'm glad you liked them. Nobody picks flowers out of our garden, you know. I used to, but I'll be too busy hereafter to bother with the garden. By the way, Miss Sumner, does your uncle own a car?"

"I believe he does—a little old rat-tletrap which he drives himself."

"Then I'll send George over with the Napier this afternoon. You might care to take a spin out into the surrounding country. By the way, Miss Sumner, you are to consider George and that car as your personal property. I fear you're going to find Sequoia a dull place; so whenever you wish to go for a ride, just call me up, and I'll have George report to you."

"But think of all the expensive gasoline and tires!"

"Oh, but you mustn't look at things from that angle after you cross the Rocky mountains on your way west. What are you going to do this afternoon?"

"I don't know. I haven't thought that far ahead."

"For some real sport I would suggest that you motor up to Laguna Grande. That's Spanish for Big Lagoon, you know. Take a rod with you. There are some land-locked salmon in the lagoon."

"But I haven't any rod."

"I'll send you over a good one."

"But I have nobody to teach me how to use it," she hinted daintily.

"I appreciate that—compliment," he flashed back at her, "but unfortunately my holidays are over for a long, long time. I took my father's place in the business this morning."

"So soon?"

"Yes. Things have been happening while I was away. However, speaking of fishing, George Sea Otter will prove an invaluable instructor. He is a good boy and you may trust him implicitly. On Thursday evening you can tell what success you had with the salmon."

"Oh, that reminds me, Mr. Cardigan. You can't come Thursday evening, after all." And she explained the reason. "Suppose you come Wednesday night instead."

"We'll call that a bet. Thank you."

She chuckled at his frank good humor. "Thank you, Mr. Cardigan, for all your kindness and thoughtfulness; and if you will persist in being nice to me, you might send George Sea Otter and the car at one-thirty. I'll be glad to avail myself of both until I can get a car of my own sent up from San Francisco. Till Wednesday night, then. Good bye."

As Bryce Cardigan hung up, he heaved a slight sigh. It was difficult to get out of the habit of playing; he found himself the possessor of a very great desire to close down the desk, call on Shirley Sumner, and spend the remainder of the day basking in the sunlight of her presence.

Following his discovery of the outrage committed on his father's sanctuary, Bryce wasted considerable valuable time and effort in a futile endeavor to gather some further hint of the identity of the vandals; but despairing at last, he dismissed the matter from his mind, resolving only that on Thursday he would go up into Pennington's woods and interview the redoubtable Jules Rondeau. Bryce's natural inclination was to wait upon M. Rondeau immediately, if not sooner, but the recollection of his dinner engagement at the Pennington home warned him to proceed cautiously; for while harboring no apprehensions as to the outcome of a possible clash with Rondeau, Bryce was not so optimistic as to believe he would escape unscathed from an encounter.

Colonel Pennington's pompous imported British butler showed Bryce into the Pennington living room at six-thirty, announcing him with due ceremony. Shirley rose from the piano where she had been idly fingering the keys and greeted him with every appearance of pleasure—following which she turned to present her visitor to Colonel Pennington, who was standing in his favorite position with his back to the fireplace.

"Uncle Seth, this is Mr. Cardigan, who was so very nice to me the day I landed in Red Bluff."

The Colonel bowed. "I have to thank you, sir, for your courtesy to my niece." He had assumed an air of reserve, of distinct aloofness, despite his studied politeness.

IS YOUR HEALTH GRADUALLY SLIPPING?

Interesting Experience of a Texas Lady Who Declares That if More Women Knew About Cardui They Would Be Spared Much Sickness and Worry.

Navasota, Texas.—Mrs. W. M. Peden, of this place, relates the following interesting account of how she recovered her strength, having realized that she was actually losing her health:

"Health is the greatest thing in the world, and when you feel that gradually slipping away from you, you certainly sit up and take notice. That is what I did some time ago when I found myself in a very nervous, run-down condition of health. I was so tired and felt so lifeless I could hardly go at all."

"I was just no account for work. I would get a bucket of water and would feel so weak I would have to set it down before I felt like I could lift it to the shelf. In this condition, of course, to do even my housework was a task almost impossible to accomplish."

"I was . . . nervous and easily upset."

I couldn't rest well at night and was just lifeless.

"I heard of Cardui and after reading I decided I had some female trouble that was pulling me down. I sent for Cardui and began it . . ."

"In a very short while after I began the Cardui Home Treatment I saw an improvement and it wasn't long until I was all right—good appetite, splendid rest, and much stronger so that I easily did my housework."

"Later I took a bottle of Cardui as a tonic. I can recommend Cardui and gladly do so, for if more women knew, it would save a great deal of worry and sickness."

The enthusiastic praise of thousands of other women who have found Cardui helpful should convince you that it is worth trying. All druggists sell it.

J. 78

The Louisville

COURIER--JOURNAL

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The Courier-Journal is ably edited; it is sane and dignified in its handling of news; it is fearless, yet fair, in its editorial utterances; and it always will be found the champion of clean government.

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If you prefer an evening newspaper, you may substitute The Louisville Times for The Courier-Journal.

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THE ADAIR COUNTY NEWS

Columbia, Ky.

"Your niece, Colonel, is one of those fortunate beings the world will always clamor to serve."

"Quite true, Mr. Cardigan. When she was quite a little girl I came under her spell myself."

"So did I, Colonel. Miss Sumner has doubtless told you of our first meeting some twelve years ago."

"Quite so, May I offer you a cocktail, Mr. Cardigan?"

"Thank you, certainly. Dad and I have been planning one on about this time every night since my return."

"Shirley belongs to the Band of Hope," the Colonel explained. "She's ready at any time to break a lance with the Demon Rum. So we will have to drink her share, Mr. Cardigan. Pray be seated."

TO BE CONTINUED.

This is The Month

To resolve!
To keep paths open.
To get the accounts in order.
To prune grapes and other small fruits.

To plan the garden and make your orders for seeds.

To keep the pigs warm so that their growth will not be checked.

To feed corn heavily during cold weather. It is rich in heat and energy elements.

To breed cows for fall calves and be ready for a heavy milk flow next winter.

To get the horses sharp shod. Neglect may mean a serious accident or an injured horse.

To keep the hen house clean and disinfected. Here is the first step in keeping free from roup.

To get out the incubator, look it over, order any new parts that may be needed and see that it is ready for perfect running.

—Farm Life.

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COLUMBIA, KY.

LIVE LIKE ANIMALS

Six Thousand Refugee Greeks Reported in Fearful Plight.

People at Batum Lack Clothing and Shelter and Are Dying at Rate of From 35 to 50 a Day.

New York.—Six thousand Greek refugees at Batum, Transcaucasia, their clothing worn to shreds, are "living like wild animals in dens" and dying at the rate of from thirty-five to fifty a day, writes Dr. W. E. Rambo, a Near East Relief worker of West Philadelphia, Pa., in a report from the Black sea port received here.

In what he calls "a tragic exodus that bids to become historic," Dr. Rambo says the Greek government already has repatriated 20,000 who emigrated from the Near East to colonize Thrace and that from 10,000 to 12,000 remain to be transported from Batum back to their homeland.

Most of these, he says, are physically strong, but the 6,000 refugees from other regions who flocked to Batum in the expectation of relief have been in that city five months, waiting in vain for help, their condition daily becoming more desperate on account of the rigors of the present Georgian winter.

The Greek government, Dr. Rambo explains, disclaiming responsibility for the plight of the people, has undertaken, through humane considerations only, to feed and doctor the refugees, but, so far, has declined to transport them to Greece, on the ground that there is insufficient housing there to shelter them.

"Meanwhile," the letter says, "the 6,000 are overcrowded in barracks unfit for human habitation. The families have no privacy. Some are lying in bed day and night because they have no clothing to protect them from the cold or cover their nakedness. Unless speedy relief comes to these people, most of them will die during the winter. Already the remnants of the original refugees are in despair. One of them said to me: 'We are no longer waiting for ships; we are waiting for death.' Of 5,767 in this party in the beginning, only about 2,400 remain—3,367 are dead. Another party of 6,800 has 2,800 survivors—4,000 are dead. Of the survivors 700 are ill."

WHERE WINTER IS KING



Miss Inera Quonz, one of the fair skiers at Lake Placid, New York, where the winter sport season is in full swing.

CORONATION DRESS FOR SALE

Gown Worn by Empress Marie Louise to Be Offered at Auction in Paris.

Paris.—The beautiful dress worn by Empress Marie Louise, second wife of Napoleon, on the day of her coronation as empress of the French will be sold at auction shortly.

The dress is made of exquisite lace, made by the French lace workers of Calvados, to whom Napoleon himself sent the design.

It was stolen from the Tuilleries during the riots of the revolution of 1848 and found its way to the Galliera museum. The empress was the daughter of Emperor Francis I, of Austria-Hungary.

Prison Sentence for Baby 11 Weeks Old

London, Eng.—Prison for a baby 11 weeks old was decreed by Sir Forest Fulton, the recorder of Old Bailey. The baby's mother was found guilty of bigamy.

"What is to happen to my new-born child?" she asked when sentence was imposed. "He can go with you and be none the worse for your detention," the recorder replied.

She Was Indian Fighter.

Williamson, W. Va.—Aunt Letitia Ferrell, aged one hundred and four, the oldest woman in West Virginia, is dead here. She lived at one place for more than eighty-five years and was never fifty miles away from home. When her parents moved here she was a young woman and she helped them fight the Indians.

ORDER RESTORED IN U. S. SAMOA

Reporter and Naval Officer Try to Get Control of the Administration.

ODD MIXUP IS CLEARED UP

Governor, in Ill Health and Under Charges, Commits Suicide—Is Completely Absolved by Naval Court of Inquiry.

San Francisco.—American Samoa's beetle-inspecting chief of police is out of jail, and the judge, who has seven other jobs, is again holding court, according to advices from Tutuila. This change back to normal followed a naval inquiry which resulted in dissipating an attempt by a naval officer and a former newspaper reporter to control the naval administration of the American possession in the South Seas.

In furtherance of this attempt, the naval officer, Creed H. Boucher, lieutenant commander, and the ex-reporter, Arthur A. Greene, enlisted the support of Commander A. C. Kail, second in rank to Commander Warren J. Terhune, governor of the island. The three filed charges against Terhune and his administration, and finally Kail tried to send a wireless message to the navy department at Washington, branding his superior as insane.

Takes His Own Life.

With the message in front of him, Terhune, suffering from ill health, committed suicide. The pitiful part of this tragedy developed when the naval court of inquiry, already en route to Tutuila from Hawaii, absolved Terhune's administration of all charges, recommended the deportation of Greene, the court martial of Boucher and the removal of Kail from his post.

Among the charges filed against Terhune's administration was one that officials were drawing illegal salaries. J. Hurkin Mallo, native chief of police, and Judge A. N. Noble were especial targets of Boucher, Greene and Kail.

After Commander Terhune shot himself Kail became acting governor, and he jailed Mallo on charges that the chief of police had urged the natives to oppose the activities of Greene and Kail. Previously Boucher had alleged that irregularities of the Terhune administration included paying Mallo as "beetle inspector" as well as head of the police force, but that no beetles were inspected.

Judge Noble, who, besides being district judge, was secretary to the commandant, registrar of titles, secretary of native affairs, judge of the probate court, superintendent of education, associate member of the high court and vice president of the American Bank of Samoa, was charged by Boucher and Greene with being instrumental in alleged misuse of funds and authority. Kail closed Noble's court when the former became acting governor.

Board Sits Eight Days.

The board of inquiry sat for eight days. Testimony revealed that Boucher for 25 of his 85 days' service, was under suspension on three charges—carrying a pistol, attempting a mutiny and falsehood. Boucher's examination revealed that he posed as a secret service man without authority; publicly criticized the secretary of the navy and the President; insubordinately communicated with authorities in Washington in violation of regulations, and committed many other breaches of naval regulations.

Upon examination he declined to answer many questions on the ground that the answers would incriminate himself. He acknowledged that all charges he made were based upon hearsay and without investigation. It was revealed that documents were stolen from naval officers, but an attempt to introduce these by Greene, who acted as Boucher's counsel, was overruled by the board.

The testimony revealed also that Greene and Boucher created unrest among the natives in an effort to change the government and assume control for themselves. Their activities resulted in organization of natives into a "committee" which forwarded an appeal to President Wilson to remove Governor Terhune, and the native unrest was manifested by several fights with the American sailors.

Cutting a Watermelon in January.

Peru, Ind.—Mrs. George W. Clevenger of Logansport preserved a watermelon last August by covering the end of the stem with paraffin and on New Year's day she brought it to Peru for dinner at her sister's home. The melon had a good flavor and was solid and sound.

Wide Yawn Fractured Fireman's Rib. Allentown, Pa.—A sharp pain in one side caught Mark Beltier, a member of Rittersville fire company, when he indulged in a wide yawn in the hose-house. His suffering increased, so a physician was summoned and found one of Beltier's ribs fractured.

Unemployed Will Not Shovel Snow. New York.—Notwithstanding reports of unemployment in New York city, a call for 8,000 snow shovelers, paid \$5.20 for an eight-hour day, brought comparatively little response.

MERRY SEX WAR ON

Bureau of Engraving and Printing in Throes of Controversy.

Plate Printers' Union Charges That There Are Too Many "Trifling Girls" in the Bureau.

Washington.—A merry sex war is in progress in Uncle Sam's money factory.

The war started when the Plate Printers' union in the bureau of engraving and printing made formal charges that there were too many "trifling girls" in the bureau and that they were retarding the efficiency and the amount of production of paper money. In their charges the plate printers intimated that too much time was spent by girls employed in the bureau in administering "little dabs of paint and powder." In fact it was intimated that the plate printers objected to "flappers" being employed in the bureau.

The plate printers let themselves in for trouble.

Federal Employees' Union No. 105, embracing the women employees of the bureau, at an indignation meeting, condemned the attitude of the plate printers, denied their charges and deplored their giving publicity to what they alleged to be a misstatement of facts.

Miss Gertrude McNally, secretary of the union, declared that the records of the examining division showed that the greatest percentage of spoilage of printers' work is for "sly-wipes," "lifts" and "breaks," which spoilage could in no way be attributed to the assistants.

"Plate printers are paid by the piece rate and in many instances the presses are speeded up for production at the expense of the quality of the work," Miss McNally stated.

It is predicted that the charges of the Plate Printers' union will result in considerable friction in the future between the printers and their assistants, since if inefficiency does exist the responsibility for the same has been placed by one side on the other.

HATS OF OTHER LANDS



This young girl of the Spreewald district of Germany is shown wearing the headpiece donned by all women of the district during the festive seasons.

FINDS GROOM IS BELOW PAR

Swiss Father Sues Detective Bureau for False Recommendation of Daughter's Suitor.

Geneva.—M. Wader, a wealthy resident of Bienne, Switzerland, has just sued a detective agency for wrongly recommending a man as husband for his daughter and has obtained a verdict of 140 pounds, with costs, against the agency.

The prospective father-in-law engaged the agency at a cost of 500 pounds to investigate the reputation and habits of the young man who had asked for the hand of his daughter. The detectives reported that the youth was worthy, reliable and sober.

After six months of wedded life, the bride returned to her father's home with the information that the bridegroom has dissipated her dowry in riotous living and gambling.

Three Meals Means Wife Does 2-Mile Walk Daily

Montgomery, Ala.—Preparation of meals for an average family means a two-mile daily kitchen marathon for the housewife, according to statistics compiled for the conference of vocational workers of the south, in session here. A pedometer attached to students in the kitchen school showed this measurement for the stove-sink-and-pantry route covered during the period from bacon and eggs to dinner and dessert.

German Residents in Paris.

Paris.—Germans to the number of 1,985 have succeeded in obtaining permission to reside here, according to the Prefecture of Police registration of foreigners in Paris. Italians lead the list with 41,350, while the United States is fifth with 23,630. Other nationals include 36,000 Belgians, 29,000 Swiss, 27,650 English, 23,000 Russians and 14,000 Poles. There are 88 Austrians and 234 Bulgarians besides 7,802 South and Central Americans.

U. S. MAINTAINS AIR LEADERSHIP

Good Performances Offset Decreased Production and Contraction of Industry.

LONG FLIGHTS SUCCESSFUL

Clear Federal Policy to Aid Progress of Commercial Flying Is Still Lacking—Year's Feats Are Recorded.

New York.—America has successfully maintained her leadership in the navigation of the air, so far as heavier than air craft are concerned, despite the lack of aerial laws, landing fields and other such handicaps, according to a review of the year 1920, issued by the Manufacturers' Aircraft association. The review says:

"Decreased production and a general contraction in the aeronautical industry generally is offset by the more encouraging records of performance made in American aviation this year. While the last twelve months have not brought the carefully outlined policy of federal jurisdiction required to assure steady and economical progress in commercial aviation, they have witnessed many remarkable achievements by American pilots in American machines."

Year's Performances.

Then follows a long, detailed list of performances, among them the following:

"Commander A. C. Read, hero of the transatlantic flight in the NC-4, commanded the same flying boat on a noteworthy expedition from Rockaway, L. I., down the Atlantic coast, along the gulf coast and up the Mississippi river to Cairo, Ill. When the NC-4 returned to Rockaway January 27 last it had flown 7,740 nautical miles. Three of the four Packard Liberty engines had operated without trouble during the 118 hours in the air, the fourth more than eighty-two hours. Along the Mississippi the motors were run on commercial gasoline picked up from point to point en route. Read reported that the greatest difficulty encountered was lack of proper maps.

"Compared to long-flight attempts conducted by European governments the American ventures were particularly successful. No less than four expeditions attempted to fly the 5,200 miles from Cairo to Capetown, South Africa. Colonel P. Van Ryneveld and Major C. J. O. Brand finally completed their flight on March 20, 1920, in a DH-9 plane sent up by the government of the Union of South Africa after their Vickers-Vimy machine had crashed. They had set out from Cairo February 10. None of the machines that started reached Capetown.

"Different success attended the Alaskan flying expedition of the United States Army Air service. Four Gallaudet remodeled DH-4B planes, each powered with a single Liberty motor, and each carrying two persons flew from Mitchell Field, L. I., to Nome, Alaska, and return in 112 hours flying time, a total distance of 9,000 miles, without a motor missing fire or other accident serious enough to delay the party. Rain and fog caused most of the difficulty in flying over country not even charted on the maps.

Operation of Air Mail Service.

"The Air Mail in 1920 operating between New York and Washington, New York, Cleveland, Chicago, Omaha, Salt Lake City and San Francisco, transported approximately one hundred million letters at ordinary postage rates. The system was extended in 1920 from Chicago to San Francisco, from Key West, Fla., to Havana, Cuba, and from Seattle, Wash., to Victoria, B. C. About thirty-five air mail planes are in the air each day flying a total, in round trips, of about 8,600 miles.

"During the year the navy has been making an aerial survey of the Panama Canal zone.

"The geological survey has cooperated with the marine corps in mapping the coastline of Hayti. American seaplanes, Curtiss, Aeromarine and Boeing types, have operated on passenger routes in China.

"Major R. W. Schroeder, flying an American designed and built Packard-Lepero biplane, went up from McCook Field, Dayton, Ohio, on February 26, and reached the world's record altitude of 32,000 feet."

EXECUTE 4 FOR FLOUR THEFTS

Polish Soldiers Found Guilty of Stealing Nine Sacks From Army Are Shot.

Cracow, Poland.—Four soldiers found guilty of having stolen nine sacks of American flour from army supplies were shot recently.

The executions were carried out under a law passed by the diet last year, making it a capital offense to steal from the army. A fifth soldier, also court-martialed, in connection with the flour theft, was sentenced to prison, as it was shown that he had taken a minor part in the affair.

Coal Mining Took Heavy Toll of Life.

Washington.—More than 1,500 men lost their lives in coal mine accidents in the first nine months of 1920, according to a report of the United States bureau of mines.

Toria.

West Point, Miss.

Jan. 31st, 1921.

I was highly elated, when I earned that my first letter had escaped the waste basket, and I extend many thanks to the editor for giving me a pass.

Health is good in this community at present, and everyone seems to be looking for a prosperous year.

Mr. and Mrs. N. B. Breeding spent last Saturday night with Mr. and Mrs. Noah Jessie.

Rev. Levi Hagan was in the Subtle community, in Metcalf, on business Thursday.

Mrs. Roy Garmon and children of Argo, Ill. are visiting relatives near Toria.

Mr. Will Harper, of Garcon, Metcalf county, is spending a few days at N. R. Roaches.

Mr. Charlie Wilson of Edmonson, was at Rev. Hagan's recently.

J. H. Breeding bought of Mrs. Alva Harvey one calf, price \$8.00.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Reece and son, spent Sunday night at J. H. Breeding's.

J. T. Harvey sold to Finnis England one calf, price \$9.00.

Mrs. J. H. Breeding was the guest of her mother, Mrs. L. A. Harvey, Thursday afternoon.

Misses Zorada and Adie Roach spent Wednesday afternoon at J. H. Breeding's.

O. W. Breeding and Noel Jesse were at J. H. Breeding's recently.

Messrs. Noah Reece, and Sam Baker made their usual call at Finnis Roaches' Sunday afternoon.

The prayer meeting is still in progress at Mt. Pleasant, and we hope this much needed work shall continue.

Mrs. Alvin Smyth visited her parents Mr. and Mrs. Levy Hagan a few days ago.

Mr. Sam Baker, of Sparks-wille, spent Saturday night with Mr. Noah Reece, near Breeding.

Mrs. Alma Harvey and children spent the night at Finnis Roaches, recently.

Dave Dutton, our miller and blacksmith, is going out of business. He is preparing to make his future home at Argo, Illinois.

Jas. Fudge and family spent Saturday night at Beecham Fudges.

T. J. Patton purchased one mule from Gilford Yarberr. Price \$125.

J. L. Patton lost a good work mare recently.

Finis Roach is doing some carpenter work for his father.

Milford, Ill.

Jan. 31, 1921.

Editor News:—

Will you please give me a space in your paper for a few lines.

I have been here three months. We have picked six bales of cotton since January. We have had one snow. This sure is a fine country. We have rented 250 acres of land to cultivate. We have plenty of wood to burn and good water to drink. I hereby inclose \$2.00 for which please send me your paper to the Wheeler Brother, Milford, Texas.

If your head is dizzy on stooping or rising suddenly and everything turns black before the eyes, you have a torpid liver. Take Herbine. It is a powerful liver regulator. Price, 60c. Sold by Paul Drug Co. Adv.

Editor News:—

Doubtless many of your readers would like to hear from this part of the country, since every section seems to have trouble of its own and feels disposed to hear from others. The Daily Press shows the effects of business adjustment to be as wide as the country, and no section or business free from its depressing effects. Just where the sorest spot is can not be determined, or just when it will lift from the country is a matter of speculation. For the last few months this part has been under the weather, so to speak, but our people are taking a more optimistic view, and a better feeling prevails and evidence of improvements are seen. Cotton, our principal farm product, has been working up and down so fast, on the market that but little concern is now manifested. At present it is selling about 14 cents, a price far below its cost of production, but many believe that it will settle around 20 cents a little later on. Whether it does or does not, it will cut but little figure, as the growers have made their minds to take their loss and try to avoid a similar condition in the future by diversifying and not stake it all on the fleecy staple. The fact is that diversified farming is the only safe method in any country. The man who stakes all on cotton, wheat, tobacco or any other one thing may or may not make money, but it is generally a feast, and a fast with more feasts than feasts. The South has had severe lessons in the past and had entered diversified farming after the campaign of "buy a bale of cotton" some years ago, but the war came and the price of cotton was so attractive that the trouble of the past were forgotten and diversification was killed in its infancy. Those who stayed with it and made corn and other crops, beside cotton, are not complaining, but the ones who staked all on cotton are the ones who are hurt. There are no reasons why the South should be a one crop country, but every reason why it should not. We have soils and climatic conditions favorable to all grains, vegetables and other products suited to this latitude and the greatest stock country I ever saw.

Agricultural statistics for this state show for 1920 the following: corn, 63,680,000 bu.; wheat, 100,000 bu.; oats, 4,012,000 bu.; soy beans, 15,000 bu.; velvet beans, 360,000 bu.; cowpeas, 3,360,000 bu.; Irish potatoes, 1,392,000 bu.; sweet potatoes, 11,330,000 bu.; tobacco, 700,000 pounds; sorghum, 6,480,000 gallons; sugar cane, 7,497,340 gallons; and many other things that indicate the productive powers and adaptability of this country to the production of nearly every thing that man or stock requires for pleasure and profit. The wheat, only a little, it is true, yet the average was 10 bushels, while the average in Kentucky was less than 8 bushels. There is not a reason why this State should stake its fortune on cotton any more than Kentucky should put its existence in tobacco and in my judgment both have gone to the extreme and to their hurt. In addition to these products mentioned the sale of dairy products reached the sum of \$2,400,000.00 last year, while in 1912 it was only \$4,400. This has largely been accomplished through the encouragement and interest of our State Agricultural College, while the I. C. Railroad Co., has given and is still giving active aid. These two agencies have just closed a successful campaign in this county and as a result many new dairies will be established. We have the most favorable conditions for successful dairying of most any part of the country and in my judgment it will not be many years when Mississippi will rival Wisconsin, the model dairy state and whose annual income from butter alone is now over \$200,000,000. Likewise beef cattle can be produced here for as little cost as any place in America. Plainly speaking the one crop farmer is in hard luck, and the one crop country is likewise afflicted and the fact is that it is a just condition. Kentucky farmers stake too much on tobacco as truly as this country does on cotton, but it is not as dependent on it, as we are for every part of the state produces enough food and feed stuff to tide over an emergency while here it is not the case. You need the dairy cow as well as we do. She will lift the mortgage and bring prosperity to any part

of the country especially to a favored state like yours and the entire South. Oil was found about 50 miles southwest of this city last week. A well at Wiltona was brought in at a depth of over 3,500 feet and is thought to be a splendid producer. Our company here has its rig up on a spot approved by several Geologists, but it seems to be short of funds and nothing doing at this time. Oil was also found about 40 miles north of this place some time ago, but the quantity is unknown. It seeped into an old well. This is at Oklona, and I understand that two wells will be started in that section in the near future.

Our financial institutions in this state are in good, strong condition. The deposits in the banks of this City show no slump from those of more prosperous times and it has never been a serious matter to get money to support dependable business, but there is none for the wild-catter regardless of his security. The deposits here show in the neighborhood of \$2,000,000, which seems good for a small community. In regard to real estate our best lands and locations have not depreciated or if so very little, but some of the less favored spots and second grade lands have tumbled some in price. For the last few months we have not had any

sales in this particular section, but within the last few weeks several sales of farms have been made at satisfactory prices. There are several here now from Illinois with a view of buying, and if the northern farmer could sell we would have a splendid demand for our lands. The tie up north ties us up, for we are dependent on sections that have more people than we, and whose lands have reached three times the values of similar lands in the South. No one is hurt here by buying good land, except the few who bought more than they could pay for and there are not many in this condition. This seems to be true the country over. In fact I believe we are in better condition than most any part of the country, and will soon be back to good times. I am glad to see the News showing remarkable good health. It deserves all the support the people and business interests of that country possess. But few local papers anywhere have stood as true and made the effort for advancement as has the News. I can truly say that it has few equals in point of service and service is the measure of worth and in saying this I am not trucking to sentiment. We are enjoying the very best of health and the rest of the Adair county folks here are likewise blessed. With best of wishes for the News and that entire section.

Yours truly,
C. S. Harris.

SMILES COME AGAIN TO PRETTY FACES

The Charm of Good Health Has Its Source in Rich Red Blood. Nothing on Earth so Necessary for Beauty.

PEPTO-MANGAN BUILDS RED BLOOD

Restores the Quality of Your Blood, Brings Back Your Color and—Renews Vitality.

Personal charm is like a light. It sheds its rays everywhere. Is the light of your personal charm hidden under the bushel of bad blood? Instead of habitual smiles do you wear a tired look—almost a scowl? Do you tire easily? Are you pale and lacking in vital energy and ambition? You are not really ill. Your blood has become weak and sluggish. It is half starved. What you need is the bloodmaking qualities of that splendid tonic, Pepto-Mangan. After you have taken Pepto-Mangan a little while you will feel a big improvement. The smiles will come back. People will see a difference in you. You will make friends again. You will have plenty of rich, red blood and feel stronger.

Pepto-Mangan has been building red blood for years. Physicians prescribe it right along. It has just the ingredients that starved blood needs. Sold in liquid and tablet form. Both have the same effect. But be sure you get the genuine "Pepto-Mangan." Ask for "Gude's" and be sure that the full name, "Gude's Pepto-Mangan," is on the package.—Advertisement.

Ford

THE UNIVERSAL CAR

ANNOUNCEMENT

Mr. Edsel B. Ford, President of the Ford Motor Company, gives out the following statement:

The price of the FORDSON tractor has been reduced from \$790.00 to \$625.00, effective immediately.

This price change has been made possible through lower cost of materials and the fact that we are now located in our new tractor plant with greatly increased economic manufacturing facilities in immediate connection with our foundry and machine shops and large blast furnaces where iron is poured directly from the ore, giving us maximum efficiency with the power to reduce cost of production, and down comes the price in line with our policy to market our products at the lowest possible figure without in any way affecting our high standard of quality.

We are particularly pleased in being able to bring about this big reduction in the price at this time because the farmer needs all the help we can give him and this big cut in price will be the means of placing a valuable power unit within the reach of practically everyone of them, not to mention industrial and commercial concerns which likewise have benefited through its use and are already realizing to a much greater extent, its value as a power and hauling unit. But particularly has the FORDSON tractor proved a most valuable factor in the saving of farm labor, at the same time increasing the per acre crop yield as well as making possible a utilization of previously uncultivated land, to say nothing of removing no end of drudgery.

There is no question that the use of machine power on the farm is the greatest advancement made in the development of agriculture, not only in money saving and money making results, as well as raising the standards of living on the farm to a much higher level, but because of its proven value in making every type of land more productive, and consequently our desire to place the FORDSON within the reach of all.

THERE IS NO CHANGE IN THE PRESENT FORD CAR AND TRUCK PRICES, which are already at the lowest possible figure, and now with rock-bottom reached on the tractor price a further reduction of price in either the car, truck or tractor is out of the question; in fact, the big price cuts have been made in anticipation of continuous maximum production and increases may be necessary before long if a large volume of new business is not obtained. Therefore, present prices of Ford products cannot be guaranteed against possible increases.

Ask for the book "The Fordson at Work," which will be supplied free of cost. Let us demonstrate the value of a Fordson on your farm, in your factory, lumber yard, coal yard, or in any general hauling or power work you have to do and let us have your order for a Fordson.

The Buchanan-Lyon Co.

INCORPORATED

Columbia and Campbellsville, Ky.